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THE HISTORY OF THE

PLANTING OF THE
MEXICAN MEX.

PLANTING OF THE
BY CHARLES WINTERS.
A. G. GARDNER.
FOR THE APPLE AND SUGAR CO. OF
STATIONERS COURT, LONDON STREET.

1807.



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THE
POETICAL WORKS

1819-1820

OF
CHARLES CHURCHILL.

COLLATED WITH THE BEST EDITIONS:

BY
THOMAS PARK, ESQ. F. S. A.

IN THREE VOLUMES;

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THE
DUELLIST'.

IN THREE BOOKS.

BOOK I.

THE clock struck twelve ; o'er half the globe
Darkness had spread her pitchy robe :
Morpheus, his feet with velvet shod,
Treading as if in fear he trod,
Gentle as dews at even-tide,
Distill'd his poppies far and wide.

Ambition, who, when waking, dreams
Of mighty, but fantastic schemes ;
Who, when asleep, ne'er knows that rest
With which the humbler soul is bless'd ;
Was building castles in the air,
Goodly to look upon and fair,

¹ This poem took its rise from a duel between Mr. Wilkes, as author of the North-Britain, and Mr. Martin, as Secretary to the Treasury, in which the former was wounded. Martin had been abused as ' a base, abject, low-lived, dirty-fellow : ' and he stigmatized his abuser, in the House of Commons, as ' a malignant, infamous scoundrel, who had stabbed him in the dark.' The duel took place in Nov. 1763.

But, on a bad foundation laid,
Doom'd at return of morn to fade.

Pale Study, by the taper's light,
Wearing away the watch of night,
Sat reading ; but, with o'ercharg'd head,
Remember'd nothing that he read.

Starving 'midst plenty, with a face
Which might the court of Famine grace,
Ragged, and filthy to behold,
Grey Avarice nodded o'er his gold.

Jealousy, his quick eye half-clos'd
With watchings worn, reluctant doz'd :
And, mean distrust not quite forgot,
Slumber'd as if he slumber'd not.

Stretch'd at his length on the bare ground,
His hardy offspring sleeping round,
Snor'd restless Labour ; by his side
Lay Health, a coarse but comely bride.

Virtue, without the doctor's aid,
In the soft arms of Sleep was laid ;
Whilst Vice, within the guilty breast,
Could not be physic'd into rest.

Thou bloody Man ! whose ruffian knife
Is drawn against thy neighbour's life,
And never scruples to descend
Into the bosom of a friend ;
A firm, fast friend, by vice allied,
And to thy secret service tied,
In whom ten murders breed no awe,
If properly secur'd from law :
'Thou man of Lust ! whom passion fires
To foulest deeds, whose hot desires
O'er honest bars with ease make way,
Whilst idiot Beauty falls a prey,

And to indulge thy brutal flame
A Lucrece must be brought to shame ;
Who dost, a brave, bold sinner, bear
Rank incest to the open air,
And rapes, full blown upon thy crown,
Enough to weigh a nation down :
Thou simular of Lust ! vain man,
Whose restless thoughts still form the plan
Of guilt, which, wither'd to the root,
Thy lifeless nerves can't execute ;
Whilst in thy marrowless, dry bones,
Desire without enjoyment groans ;
Thou perjurd wretch ! whom falsehood clothes
Ev'n like a garment ; who with oaths
Dost trifle, as with brokers, meant
To serve thy every vile intent,
In the day's broad and searching eye
Making God witness to a lie,
Blaspheming heaven and earth for pelf,
And hanging friends to save thyself² :
Thou son of Chance ! whose glorious soul,
On the four aces doom'd to roll,
Was never yet with honour caught,
Nor on poor virtue lost one thought ;
Who dost thy wife, thy children, set,
Thy all, upon a single bet,
Risking, the desperate stake to try,
Here and hereafter on a die ;
Who, thy own private fortune lost,
Dost game on at thy country's cost,
And, grown expert in sharpening rules,
First fool'd thyself, now prey'st on fools :

² See Epistle to Hogarth, vol. I. p. 89, note ⁵.

Thou noble Gamester ! whose high place
Gives too much credit to disgrace,
Who, with the motion of a die,
Dost make a mighty island fly,
The sums, I mean, of good French gold
For which a mighty island sold ;
Who dost betray intelligence,
Abuse the dearest confidence,
And, private fortune to create,
Most falsely play the game of state ;
Who dost within the Alley ³ sport
Sums, which might beggar a whole court,
And make us bankrupts all, if Care,
With good Earl 'Talbot ⁴, was not there :
Thou daring Infidel ! whom pride
And sin have drawn from Reason's side ;
Who, fearing his avengeful rod,
Dost wish not to believe a God ;
Whose hope is founded on a plan
Which should distract the soul of man,
And make him curse his abject birth ;
Whose hope is, once return'd to earth,
There to lie down, for worms a feast,
To rot and perish like a beast :
Who dost, of punishment afraid,
And by thy crimes a coward made,
To every generous soul a curse,
Than hell and all her torments worse,

³ Change Alley, where the Stock-brokers resort.

⁴ Earl Talbot, on his first appointment to the office of Lord Steward of the King's Household, proposed some economical reforms in the palace, which he desisted from carrying into practice, on account of the courtly clamour raised against them.

When crawling to thy latter end,
Call on destruction as a friend,
Choosing to crumble into dust
Rather than rise, though rise you must :
Thou hypocrite ! who dost profane,
And take the patriot's name in vain ;
Then most thy country's foe, when most
Of love and loyalty you boast ;
Who for the filthy love of gold
Thy friend, thy king, thy God, hast sold,
And, mocking the just claim of hell,
Were bidders found, thyself wouldst sell.
Ye Villains ! of whatever name,
Whatever rank, to whom the claim
Of hell is certain, on whose lids
That worm, which never dies, forbids
Sweet sleep to fall, come, and behold,
Whilst envy makes your blood run cold,
Behold, by pitiless Conscience led,
So Justice wills, that holy bed
Where Peace her full dominion keeps,
And Innocence with Holland sleeps.

Bid Terror, posting on the wind,
Affray the spirits of mankind ;
Bid Earthquakes, heaving for a vent,
Rive their concealing continent,
And, forcing an untimely birth
Through the vast bowels of the earth,
Eudeavour, in her monstrous womb,
At once all Nature to entomb ;
Bid all that's horrible and dire,
All that man hates and fears, conspire
To make night hideous as they can,
Still is thy sleep, thou virtuous man !

Pure as the thoughts which in thy breast
Inhabit, and insure thy rest;
Still shall thy Ayliff, taught, though late,
Thy friendly justice in his fate,
Turn'd to a guardial angel, spread
Sweet dreams of comfort round thy head.

Dark was the night, by Fate decreed
For the contrivance of a deed
More black than common, which might make
This land from her foundations shake,
Might tear up Freedom from the root,
Destroy a Wilkes, and fix a Bute.

Deep Horror held her wide domain ;
The sky in sullen drops of rain
Forewept the morn, and through the air,
Which, opening, laid its bosom bare,
Loud thunders roll'd, and lightning stream'd ;
The owl at Freedom's window scream'd,
The screech-owl, prophet dire, whose breath
Brings sickness, and whose note is death ;
The churchyard teem'd, and from the tomb,
All sad and silent, through the gloom
The ghosts of men, in former times,
Whose public virtues were their crimes,
Indignant stalk'd ; sorrow and rage
Blank'd their pale cheeks : in his own age
The prop of Freedom, Hampden there
Felt after death the generous care ;
Sidney, by grief, from heaven was kept,
And for his brother patriot wept :
All friends of Liberty, when Fate
Prepar'd to shorten Wilkes's date,
Heav'd, deeply hurt, the heart-felt groan,
And knew that wound to be their own.

Hail, Liberty! a glorious word,
In other countries scarcely heard,
Or heard but as a thing of course,
Without or energy or force :
Here felt, enjoy'd, ador'd, she springs
Far far beyond the reach of kings ;
Fresh blooming from our mother Earth,
With pride and joy she owns her birth
Deriv'd from us, and in return
Bids in our breasts her genins burn ;
Bids us with all those blessings live
Which Liberty alone can give,
Or nobly with that spirit die
Which makes death more than victory.

Hail those old patriots, on whose tongue
Persuasion in the senate hung,
Whilst they the sacred cause maintain'd!
Hail those old chiefs, to honour train'd,
Who spread, when other methods fail'd,
War's bloody banner, and prevail'd !
Shall men like these unmention'd sleep
Promiscuous with the common heap,
And (Gratitude forbid the crime !)
Be carried down the stream of Time
In shoals, unnotic'd and forgot,
On Lethe's stream, like flags, to rot ?
No—they shall live, and each fair name,
Recorded in the book of Fame,
Founded on honour's basis, fast
As the round earth to ages last.
Some virtues vanish with our breath ;
Virtue like this lives after death.
Old Time himself, his scythe thrown by,
Himself lost in eternity,

An everlasting crown shall twine
To make a Wilkes and Sydney⁵ join.

But should some slave-got villain dare
Chains for his country to prepare,
And, by his birth to slavery broke,
Make her, too, feel the galling yoke,
May he be evermore accurst,
Among bad men be rank'd the worst ;
May he be still himself, and still
Go on in vice, and perfect ill ;
May his broad crimes each day increase,
Till he can't live nor die in peace ;
May he be plung'd so deep in shame
That Satan mayn't endure his name,
And hear, scarce crawling on the earth,
His children curse him for their birth ;
May Liberty, beyond the grave,
Ordain him to be still a slave,
Grant him what here he most requires,
And damn him with his own desires !

But should some villain, in support
And zeal for a despairing court,
Placing in craft his confidence,
And making honour a pretence
To do a deed of deepest shame,
Whilst filthy lucre is his aim ;
Should such a wretch, with sword or knife
Contrive to practise 'gainst the life
Of one, who, honour'd through the land,
For Freedom made a glorious stand,

⁵ Algernon Sydney seems to be here inferred ; though his name with little propriety was coupled with that of John Wilkes.

Whose chief, perhaps his only crime
Is, (if plain Truth at such a time
May dare her sentiments to tell)
That he his country loves too well:
May he—(but words are all too weak
The feelings of my heart to speak)—
May he—(O for a noble curse
Which might his very marrow pierce!)
The general contempt engage,
And be the Martin of his age.

BOOK II.

DEEP in the bosom of a wood,
Out of the road, a temple stood;
Ancient, and much the worse for wear,
It call'd aloud for quick repair,
And, tottering from side to side,
Menac'd destruction far and wide;
Nor able seem'd, unless made stronger,
To hold out four or five years longer.
Four hundred pillars, from the ground
Rising in order, most unsound;
Some rotten to the heart, aloof,
Seem to support the tottering roof,
But to inspection nearer laid,
Instead of giving, wanted aid.

The structure, rare and curious, made
By men most famous in their trade,
A work of years, admir'd by all,
Was suffer'd into dust to fall,

Or, just to make it hang together,
And keep off the effects of weather,
Was patch'd and patch'd from time to time
By wretches, whom it were a crime,
A crime, which Art would treason hold,
To mention with those names of old.

Builders, who had the pile survey'd,
And those not Flitcrofts in their trade,
Doubted (the wise hand in a doubt
Merely sometimes to hand her out)
Whether (like churches in a brief
Taught wisely to obtain relief
Through Chancery, who gives her fees
To this and other charities)
It must not, in all parts unsound,
Be ripp'd, and pull'd down to the ground ;
Whether (though after ages ne'er
Shall raise a building to compare)
Art, if they should their art employ,
Meant to preserve, might not destroy,
As human bodies, worn away,
Batter'd and hasting to decay,
Bidding the power of Art despair,
Cannot those very med'cines bear
Which, and which only, can restore,
And make them healthy as before.

To Liberty, whose gracious smile
Shed peace and plenty o'er the Isle,
Our grateful ancestors, her plain
But faithful children, rais'd this fane.

Full in the front, stretch'd out in length,
Where Nature put forth all her strength

¹ Henry Flitcroft, an architect, was Surveyor to the Board of Works.

In spring eternal, lay a plain
Where our brave fathers us'd to train
Their sons to arms, to teach the art
Of war, and steel the infant heart ;
Labour, their hardy nurse, when young,
Their joints had knit, their nerves had strung ;
Abstinence, foe declar'd to death,
Had, from the time they first drew breath,
The best of doctors, with plain food
Kept pure the channel of their blood ;
Health in their cheeks bade colour rise,
And Glory sparkled in their eyes.

The instruments of husbandry,
As in contempt, were all thrown by,
And, flattering a manly pride,
War's keener tools their place supplied.
Their arrows to the head they drew ;
Swift to the point their javelins flew ;
They grasp'd the sword, they shook the spear ;
Their fathers felt a pleasing fear,
And even Courage, standing by,
Scarcely beheld with steady eye.
Each stripling, lesson'd by his sire,
Knew when to close, when to retire ;
When near at hand, when from afar
To fight, and was himself a war.

Their wives, their mothers, all around,
Careless of order, on the ground,
Breath'd forth to Heaven the pious vow,
And for a son's or husband's brow,
With eager fingers, laurel wove ;
Laurel, which in the sacred grove,
Planted by Liberty, they find,
The brows of conquerors to bind,

To give them pride and spirits, fit
To make a world in arms submit.

What raptures did the bosom fire
Of the young, rugged, peasant sire,
When, from the toil of mimic fight,
Returning with return of night,
He saw his babe resign the breast,
And, smiling, stroke those arms in jest,
With which hereafter he shall make
The proudest heart in Gallia quake!

Gods! with what joy, what honest pride,
Did each fond, wishing, rustic bride,
Behold her manly swain return!
How did her love-sick bosom burn,
Though on parades he was not bred,
Nor wore the livery of red,
When, Pleasure heightening all her charms,
She strain'd her warrior in her arms,
And beg'd, whilst love and glory fire,
A son, a son just like his sire!

Such were the men in former times,
Ere luxury had made our crimes
Our bitter punishment, who bore
Their terrors to a foreign shore;
Such were the men who, free from dread,
By Edwards and by Henries led,
Spread, like a torrent swell'd with rains,
O'er haughty Gallia's trembling plains:
Such were the men, when lust of pow'r,
To work him woe, in evil hour
Debauch'd the tyrant from those ways
On which a king should found his praise;
When stern Oppression, hand in hand
With Pride, stalk'd proudly through the land;

When weeping Justice was misled
From her fair course, and Mercy dead :
Such were the men, in virtue strong,
Who dar'd not see their country's wrong,
Who left the mattock and the spade,
And, in the robes of War array'd,
In their rough arms, departing, took
Their helpless babes, and with a look
Stern and determin'd, swore to see
Those babes no more, or see them free :
Such were the men whom tyrant Pride
Could never fasten to his side
By threats or bribes, who, freemen born,
Chains, though of gold, beheld with scorn ;
Who, free from every servile awe,
Could never be divorc'd from law,
From that broad general law, which Sense
Made for the general defence ;
Could never yield to partial ties
Which from dependent stations rise ;
Could never be to slavery led ;
For Property was at their head.
Such were the men, in days of yore,
Who, call'd by Liberty, before
Her temple on the sacred green,
In martial pastimes oft were seen—
Now seen no longer—in their stead,
'To laziness and vermin bred,
A race who, strangers to the cause
Of Freedom, live by other laws,
On other motives fight, a prey
To interest, and slaves for pay.
Valour, how glorious on a plan
Of honour founded ! leads their van ;

Discretion, free from taint of fear,
Cool, but resolv'd, brings up their rear ;
Discretion, Valour's better half ;
Dependence holds the general's staff.

In plain and homespun garb array'd,
Not for vain show, but service, made,
In a green flourishing old age,
Not damn'd yet with an equipage,
In rules of portage untaught,
Simplicity, not worth a groat,
For years had kept the temple-door ;
Full on his breast a glass he wore,
Through which his bosom open lay
To every one that pass'd that way :
Now turn'd adrift—with humbler face,
But prouder heart, his vacant place
Corruption fills, and bears the key ;
No entrance now without a fee.

With belly round, and full fat face,
Which on the house reflected grace,
Full of good fare, and honest glee,
The steward Hospitality ;
Old Welcome smiling by his side,
A good old servant, often tried
And faithful found, who kept in view
His lady's fame and interest too,
Who made each heart with joy rebound,
Yet never run her state aground,
Was turn'd off, or (which word I find
Is more in modern use) resign'd.

Half-starv'd, half-starving others, bred
In beggary, with carrion fed,
Detested, and detesting all,
Made up of avarice and gall,

Boasting great thrift, yet wasting more
Than ever steward did before,
Succeeded one, who, to engage
The praise of an exhausted age,
Assum'd a name of high degree,
And call'd himself Economy.

Within the temple, full in sight,
Where without ceasing day and night
The workman toil'd ; where Labour bar'd
His brawny arm ; where art prepar'd,
In regular and even rows,
Her types, a Printing-press² arose ;
Each workman knew his task, and each
Was honest and expert as Leach³.

Hence Learning struck a deeper root,
And Science brought forth riper fruit ;
Hence Loyalty receiv'd support,
Even when banish'd from the court ;
Hence Government gain'd strength, and hence
Religion sought and found defence ;
Hence England's fairest fame arose,
And Liberty subdued her foes.

On a low, simple, turf-made throne,
Rais'd by Allegiance, scarcely known
From her attendants, glad to be
Pattern of that equality
She wish'd to all, so far as could
Safely consist with social good,
The goddess sat ; around her head
A cheerful radiance Glory spread :

² Wilkes had a private printing press at his house in Great George-street, Westminster.

³ Dryden Leach was a printer in Craue court, Fleet-street.

Courage, a youth of royal race,
Lovely stern, possess'd a place
On her left hand, and on her right
Sat Honour, cloth'd with robes of light;
Before her Magna Charta lay,
Which some great lawyer, of his day
The Pratt⁴, was offic'd to explain
And make the basis of her reign:
Peace, crown'd with olive, to her breast
Two smiling twin-born infants press'd;
At her feet couching War was laid,
And with a brindled lion play'd:
Justice and Mercy, hand in hand,
Joint guardians of the happy land,
Together held their mighty charge,
And Truth walk'd all about at large:
Health for the royal troop the feast
Prepar'd, and Virtue was high-priest.

Such was the fame our goddess bore,
Her temple such, in days of yore.
What changes ruthless Time presents!
Behold her ruin'd battlements,
Her walls decay'd, her nodding spires,
Her altars broke, her dying fires,
Her name despis'd, her priests destroy'd,
Her friends disgrac'd, her foes employ'd,
Herself (by ministerial arts
Depriv'd ev'n of the people's hearts,
Whilst they, to work her surer woe,
Feign her to monarchy a foe)
Exil'd by grief, self-doom'd to dwell
With some poor hermit in a cell;

⁴ Lord Camden.

Or, that retirement tedious grown,
If she walks forth, she walks unknown,
Hooted, and pointed at with scorn
As one in some strange country born.

Behold a rude and ruffian race,
A band of spoilers, seize her place :
With looks, which might the heart dis-seat,
And make life sound a quick retreat,
To rapine from the cradle bred,
A stannch old blood-hound at their head,
Who, free from virtue and from awe,
Knew none but the bad part of law,
They rov'd at large : each on his breast
Mark'd with a greyhound^s, stood confess'd :
Controlment waited on their nod
High wielding Persecution's rod ;
Confusion follow'd at their heels,
And a cast statesman held the seals ;
Those seals, for which he dear shall pay,
When awful Justice takes her day.

The Printers saw—they saw and fled—
Science, declining, hung her head ;
Property in despair appear'd,
And for herself destruction fear'd,
Whilst, underfoot, the rude slaves trod
The works of men, and word of God ;
Whilst, close behind, on many a book,
In which he never deigns to look,
Which he did not, nay—could not read,
A bold, bad man (by power decreed

^s A silver greyhound, the emblem of dispatch, is worn by the King's messengers, when engaged in the execution of their office.

For that bad end, who in the dark
Scorn'd to do mischief) set his mark
In the full day, the mark of Hell,
And on the Gospel stamp'd an L.

Liberty fled, her friends withdrew ;
Her friends, a faithful, chosen few ;
Honour in grief threw up, and Shame,
Clothing herself with Honour's name,
Usurp'd his station ; on the throne
Which Liberty once call'd her own,
(Gods ! that such mighty ills should spring
Under so great, so good a king,
So lov'd, so loving, through the arts
Of statesmen, curs'd with wicked hearts !)
For every darker purpose fit,
Behold in triumph State-craft sit.

BOOK III.

Alas ! what mighty perils wait
The man who meddles with a state,
Whether to strengthen, or oppose !
False are his friends, and firm his foes :
How must his soul, once ventur'd in,
Plunge blindly on from sin to sin !
What toils he suffers, what disgrace,
To get, and then to keep, a place !
How often, whether wrong or right,
Must he in jest or earnest fight,
Risking for those both life and limb
Who would not risk one groat for him !

Under the temple lay a cave,
Made by some guilty, coward slave,
Whose actions fear'd rebuke : a maze
Of intricate and winding ways,
Not to be found without a clue ;
One passage only, known to few,
In paths direct led to a cell,
Where Fraud in secret lov'd to dwell,
With all her tools and slaves about her,
Nor fear'd lest Honesty should rout her.

In a dark corner, shunning sight
Of man, and shrinking from the light,
One dull, dim taper, through the cell
Glimmering, to make more horrible
The face of darkness, she prepares,
Working unseen, all kinds of snares,
With curious, but destructive art :
Here, through the eye to catch the heart,
Gay stars their tinsel beams afford,
Neat artifice to trap a lord :
There, fit for all whom Folly bred,
Wave plumes of feathers for the head ;
Garters the liag contrives to make,
Which, as it seems, a babe might break,
But which ambitious madmen feel
More firm and sure than chains of steel,
Which, slipp'd just underneath the knee,
Forbid a freeman to be free.
Purses she knew (did ever curse
Travel more sure than in a purse ?)
Which, by some strange and magic hands,
Enslave the soul, and tie the hands.

Here Flattery, eldest born of Guile,
Weaves with rare skill the silken smile,

The courtly cringe, the supple bow,
The private squeeze, the levee vow,
With which no strange or recent case,
Fools in, deceive fools out of place.

Corruption (who in former times,
Through fear or shame, conceal'd her crimes,
And what she did, contriv'd to do it,
So that the public might not view it)
Presumptuous grown, unfit was held
For their dark councils, and expell'd,
Since in the day her business might
Be done as safe as in the night.

Her eye down bending to the ground,
Planning some dark and deadly wound,
Holding a dagger, on which stood,
All fresh and reeking, drops of blood,
Bearing a lantern, which of yore,
By Treason borrow'd, Gny Fawkes bore,
By which, since they improv'd in trade,
Excisemen have their lanterns made ;
Assassination, her whole mind,
Blood thirsting on her arm reclin'd ;
Death, grinning, at her elbow stood,
And held forth instruments of blood,
Vile instruments, which cowards choose,
But men of honour dare not use ;
Around, his Lordship and his Grace,
Both qualified for such a place,
With many a Forbes¹, and many a Dun²,
Each a resolv'd, and pious son,

¹ Charles John Forbes, a Scotch captain in the French service, thought proper, while Wilkes was at Paris, to challenge him for being the author of the *North Briton* : and for having written against Scotland.

² Alexander Dun, another deranged Scotchman, obtained

Wait her high bidding ; each prepar'd
As she around her orders shar'd,
Proof 'gainst remorse, to run, to fly,
And bid the destin'd victim die.
Posting on Villany's black wing,
Whether he patriot is, or king,
Oppression, willing to appear
An object of our love, not fear ;
Or, at the most, a reverend awe
To breed, usurp'd the garb of Law.
A book she held, on which her eyes
Were deeply fix'd, whence seem'd to rise
Joy in her breast ; a book of might
Most wonderful, which black to white
Could turn, and without help of laws
Could make the worse the better cause.
She read, by flattering hopes deceiv'd ;
She wish'd, and what she wish'd, believ'd,
To make that book for ever stand
The rule of wrong through all the land ;
On the back, fair and worthy note,
At large was Magna Charta wrote,
But turn your eye within, and read,
A bitter lesson, N**y's Creed.
Ready, ev'n with a look, to run,
Fast as the coursers of the sun,
To worry Virtue, at her hand
Two half-starv'd greyhounds took their stand.
A curious model, cut in wood,
Of a most ancient castle stood

admittance, by his own appointment, into the house of Mr. Wilkes ; but being suspected of a design to assassinate him, was immediately seized by some gentlemen who attended there, for the purpose of protecting their friend.

Full in her view ; the gates were bar'd,
And soldiers on the watch kept guard ;
In the front, openly, in black
Was wrote, The Tower ; but on the back,
Mark'd with a Secretary's seal,
In bloody letters, The Bastile³.

Around a table, fully bent
On mischief of most black intent,
Deeply determin'd, that their reign
Might longer last, to work the bane
Of one firm patriot, whose heart, tied
To honour, all their power defied,
And brought those actions into light
They wish'd to have conceal'd in night ;
Begot, born, bred, to infamy,
A privy council sat of three :
Great were their names, of high repute
And favour through the land of Bute.

The first (entitled to the place
Of honour both by gown and grace⁴,
Who never let occasion slip
To take right hand of fellowship,
And was so proud, that should he meet
The Twelve Apostles in the street,
He'd turn his nose up at them all,
And shove his Saviour from the wall :
Who was so mean (Meanness and Pride
Still go together side to side)
That he would cringe, and creep, be civil,
And hold a stirrup for the devil ;

³ ' The Bastile ' was an appellation given to the Tower by the partisans of Wilkes. It has since been applied to the prison in Cold Bath Fields.

⁴ William Warburton, D. D. Bishop of Gloucester and Dean of Bristol, is here surmised : against whom the enmity of Churchill was most inveterate.

If in a journey to his mind,
He'd let him mount, and ride behind ;
Who basely fawn'd through all his life,
For patrons first, then for a wife :
Wrote Dedications which must make
The heart of every Christian quake ;
Made one man equal to, or more
Than God, then left him, as before
His God he left, and, drawn by pride,
Shifted about to t'other side)
Was by his sire a parson made,
Merely to give the boy a trade ;
But he himself was thereto drawn
By some faint omens of the lawn,
And on the truly Christian plan
To make himself a gentleman,
A title in which form array'd him,
Though Fate ne'er thought on't when she made him.

The oaths he took, 'tis very true,
But took them, as all wise men do,
With an intent, if things should turn,
Rather to temporize, than burn ;
Gospel and loyalty were made
To serve the purposes of trade :
Religions are but paper ties,
Which bind the fool, but which the wise,
Such idle notions far above,
Draw on and off, just like a glove :
All gods, all kings, (let his great aim
Be answer'd) were to him the same.

A curate first, he read and read,
And laid in, whilst he should have fed
The souls of his neglected flock,
Of reading such a mighty stock,

That he o'ercharg'd the weary brain
With more than she could well contain ;
More than she was with spirits fraught
To turn, and methodize to thought,
And which, like ill-digested food,
To humours turn'd, and not to blood.
Brought up to London, from the plough
And pulpit, how to make a bow
He tried to learn ; he grew polite,
And was the poet's parasite.
With wits conversing (and wits then
Were to be found 'mongst noblemen)
He caught, or would have caught, the flame,
And would be nothing, or the same.
He drank with drunkards, liv'd with sinners,
Herded with infidels for dinners ;
With such an emphasis and grace
Blasphem'd, that Potter^s kept not pace :
He, in the highest reign of noon,
Bawl'd bawdy songs to a psalm-tune ;
Liv'd with men infamous and vile,
Truck'd his salvation for a smile :
To catch their humour caught their plan,
And laugh'd at God to laugh with man ;
Prais'd them, when living, in each breath,
And damn'd their memories, after death.

To prove his faith, which all admit
Is at least equal to his wit,
And make himself a man of note,
He in defence of Scripture wrote :
So long he wrote, and long, about it,
That ev'n believers 'gan to doubt it :

^s Thomas Potter, Esq. M. P. for Okehampton, suspected of being the author of notes on the *Essay on Woman*.

He wrote, too, of the inward light,
'Though no one knows how he came by't,
And of that influencing grace
Which in his life ne'er found a place :
He wrote, too, of the Holy Ghost,
Of whom no more than doth a post
He knew, nor, should an angel show him,
Would he or know, or choose to know him.

Next (for he knew 'twixt every science
There was a natural alliance⁶)
He wrote, t'advance his Maker's praise,
Comments on rhymes, and notes on plays,
And with an all-sufficient air
Plac'd himself in the critic's chair,
Usurp'd o'er reason full dominion,
And govern'd merely by opinion.
At length dethron'd, and kept in awe
By one plain simple man of law⁷,
He arm'd dead friends, to vengeance true,
To' abuse the man they never knew.

Examine strictly all mankind,
Most characters are mix'd we find,
And vice and virtue take their turn
In the same breast to beat and burn.
Our priest was an exception here,
Nor did one spark of grace appear,
Not one dull dim spark in his soul;
Vice, glorious Vice, possess'd the whole,

⁶ Warburton's first distinguished publication was entitled 'The Alliance between Church and State, or the Necessity of an Established Religion and a Test Law.'

⁷ Mr. Edwards, a barrister of Lincoln's Inn, published an ingenious book, entitled 'Canons of Criticism,' in which Warburton was severely censured for his notes on Shakespeare.

And, in her service truly warm,
He was in sin most uniform.

Injurious Satire, own at least
One sniveling virtue in the priest,
One sniveling virtue, which is plac'd,
They say, in or about the waist,
Call'd Chastity: the prudish dame
Knows it at large by Virtue's name.
To this his wife, (and in these days
Wives seldom without reason praise)
Bears evidence—then calls her child,
And swears that Tom was vastly wild.

Ripen'd by a long course of years,
He great and perfect now appears.
In shape scarce of the human kind,
A man, without a manly mind ;
No husband, though he's truly wed ;
Though on his knees a child is bred,
No father! injur'd, without end
A foe ; and though oblig'd, no friend ;
A heart, which virtue ne'er disgrac'd ;
A head, where learning runs to waste ;
A gentleman well-bred, if breeding
Rests in the art of reading :
A man of this world, for the next
Was ne'er included in his text ;
A judge of genius, though confess'd
With not one spark of genius bless'd :
Amongst the first of critics plac'd,
Though free from every taint of taste ;
A Christian without faith or works,
As he would be a Turk 'mongst Turks ;
A great divine, as lords agree,
Without the least divinity.

To crown all, in declining age,
Inflam'd with church and party rage,
Behold him, full and perfect quite,
A false saint, and true hypocrite.

Next sat a lawyer, often tried
In perilous extremes ; when Pride
And Power, all wild and trembling, stood,
Nor dar'd to tempt the raging flood,
This bold bad man arose to view,
And gave his hand to help them through :
Steel'd 'gainst compassion, as they past,
He saw poor Freedom breathe her last ;
He saw her struggle, heard her groan ;
He saw her helpless and alone,
Whelm'd in that storm, which, fear'd and prais'd
By slaves less bold, himself had rais'd.

Bred to the law, he from the first
Of all bad lawyers was the worst :
Perfection (for bad men maintain
In ill we may perfection gain)
In others is a work of time,
And they creep on from crime to crime ;
He for a prodigy design'd
To spread amazement o'er mankind,
Started full ripen'd all at once
A perfect knave, and perfect dunce.

Who will for him may boast of sense,
His better guard is impudence ;
His front, with tenfold plates of brass
Secur'd, Shame never yet could pass,
Nor on the surface of his skin
Blush for that guilt which dwelt within.
How often in contempt of laws,
To sound the bottom of a cause,

To search out every rotten part,
And worm into its very heart,
Hath he ta'en briefs on false pretence,
And undertaken the defence
Of trusting fools, whom in the end
He meant to ruin, not defend?
How often, ev'n in open court,
Hath the wretch made his shame his sport,
And laugh'd off, with a villain's ease,
Throwing up briefs, and keeping fees?
Such things, as, though to roguery bred,
Had struck a little villain dead.

Causes, whatever their import,
He undertakes, to serve a court;
For he by art this rule had got,
Power can effect, what law cannot.

Fools he forgives, but rogues he fears;
If genius, yok'd with Worth, appears,
His weak soul sickens at the sight,
And strives to plunge them down in night.

So loud he talks, so very loud,
He is an angel with the crowd,
Whilst he makes Justice hang her head,
And judges turn from pale to red.

Bid all that nature, on a plan,
Most intimate, makes dear to man,
All that with grand and general ties
Binds good and bad, the fool and wise,
Knock at his heart; they knock in vain;
No entrance there such suitors gain;
Bid kneeling kings forsake the throne,
Bid at his feet his country groan;
Bid Liberty stretch out her hands,
Religion plead her stronger bands;

Bid parents, children, wife, and friends,
If they come thwart his private ends,
Unmov'd he hears the general call,
And bravely tramples on them all.

Who will, for him, may cant and whine,
And let weak Conscience with her line
Chalk out their ways ; such starving rules
Are only fit for coward fools ;
Fellows who credit what priests tell,
And tremble at the thoughts of hell ;
His spirit dares contend with Grace,
And meets Damnation face to face.

Such was our lawyer ; by his side,
In all bad qualities allied,
In all bad counsels, sat a third,
By birth a lord ; O sacred word ! .
O word most sacred, whence men get
A privilege to run in debt ;
Whence they at large exemption claim
From Satire, and her servant Shame ;
Whence, they depriv'd of all her force,
Forbid bold Truth to hold her course.

Consult his person, dress, and air, .
He seems, which strangers well might swear,
The master, or, by courtesy,
The captain of a colliery :
Look at his visage, and agree,
Half-hang'd he seems, just from the tree
Escap'd : a rope may sometimes break,
Or men be cut down by mistake.

He hath not virtue (in the school
Of Vice bred up) to live by rule,
Nor hath he sense (which none can doubt
Who know the man) to live without.

His life is a continued scene
Of all that's infamous and mean ;
He knows not change, unless grown nice
And delicate, from vice to vice ;
Nature design'd him, in a rage,
'To be the Wharton ⁸ of his age,
But, having given all the sin,
Forgot to put the virtues in.
To run a horse, to make a match,
To revel deep, to roar a catch ;
'To knock a tottering watchman down,
'To sweat a woman of the Town ;
By fits to keep the peace, or break it,
In turn to give a p-x, or take it,
He is, in faith, most excellent,
And, in the word's most full intent,
A true Choice-Spirit we admit ;
With wits a fool, with fools a wit.
Hear him but talk, and you would swear
Obscenity herself was there ;
And that Profaneness had made choice,
By way of trump, to use his voice :
That, in all mean and low things great,
He had been bred at Billingsgate ;
And that, ascending to the earth
Before the season of his birth,
Blasphemy, making way and room,
Had mark'd him in his mother's womb :
'Too honest (for the worst of men
In forms are honest now and then)
Not to have, in the usual way,
His bills sent in ; too great to pay :

⁸ Philip Duke of Wharton seems to claim this reference, who was celebrated in the verse of Pope, as the 'scorn and wonder of his days.'

Too proud to speak to, if he meets
The honest tradesman whom he cheats :
Too infamous to have a friend ;
Too bad for bad men to commend,
Or good to name ; beneath whose weight
Earth groans ; who hath been spar'd by Fate
Only to show, on mercy's plan,
How far and long God bears with man.

Such were the three who, mocking sleep,
At midnight sat, in counsel deep,
Plotting destruction 'gainst a head
Whose wisdom could not be misled ;
Plotting destruction 'gainst a heart
Which ne'er from honour would depart.

' Is he not rank'd amongst our foes ?
Hath not his spirit dar'd oppose
Our dearest measures, made our name
Stand forward on the roll of shame ?
Hath he not won the vulgar tribes,
By scorning menaces and bribes,
And proving, that his darling cause
Is of their liberties and laws
To stand the champion ? In a word,
Nor need one argument be heard
Beyond this to awake our zeal,
'To quicken our resolves, and steel
Our steady souls to bloody bent,
(Sure ruin to each dear intent
Each flattering hope) he, without fear,
Hath dar'd to make the truth appear.'

They said, and, by resentment taught,
Each on revenge employ'd his thought ;
Each, bent on mischief, rack'd his brain
To her full stretch, but rack'd in vain :

Scheme after scheme they brought to view ;
All were examin'd ; none would do :
When Fraud, with pleasure in her face,
Forth issued from her hiding place,
And at the table where they meet,
First having bless'd them, took her seat.
' No trifling cause, my darling boys !
Your present thoughts and cares employs ;
No common snare, no random blow,
Can work the bane of such a foe,
By Nature cautious as he's brave,
To honour only he's a slave ;
In that weak part without defence,
We must to honour make pretence ;
That lure shall to his ruin draw
The wretch, who stands secure in law :
Nor think that I have idly plan'd
This full-ripe scheme ; behold at hand,
With three months training on his head,
An instrument, whom I have bred,
Born of these bowels, far from sight
Of virtue's false, but glaring light,
My youngest born, my dearest joy,
Most like myself, my darling boy :
He, never touch'd with vile remorse,
Resolv'd and crafty in his course,
Shall work our ends, complete our schemes,
Most mine, when most he Honour's seems ;
Nor can be found, at home, abroad,
So firm and full a slave of Fraud.'

She said, and from each envious son
A discontented murmur run
Around the table ; all in place
Thought his full praise their own disgrace,

Wondering what stranger she had got,
Who had one vice that they had not :
When straight the portals open flew,
And clad in armour, to their view
Martin, the Duellist, came forth ;
All knew, and all confess'd his worth ;
All justified, with smiles array'd,
'The happy choice their dam had made.

GOTHAM¹,

IN THREE BOOKS.

BOOK I.

FAR off (no matter whether east or west,
A real country, or one made in jest,
Not yet by modern Mandevilles² disgrac'd,
Nor by map-jobbers wretchedly misplac'd)
There lies an island, neither great nor small,
Which, for distinction sake, I Gotham call.

The man who finds an unknown country out,
By giving it a name, acquires, no doubt,
A Gospel title, though the people there
The pious Christian thinks not worth his care;
Bar this pretence, and into air is hurl'd
The claim of Europe to the Western world.

Cast by a tempest on the savage coast,
Some roving buccaneer set up a post;
A beam, in proper form transversely laid,
Of his Redeemer's cross the figure made,

¹ The first book of this poem was published in February, 1764.

² Sir John Mandeville, a traveller of the 14th century, notorious for his little attention to veracity observed by him in the narration of his thirty-four years wanderings.

Of that Redeemer, with whose laws his life,
From first to last, had been one scene of strife ;
His royal master's name thereon engrav'd,
Without more process, the whole race enslav'd,
Cut off that charter they from Nature drew,
And made them slaves to men they never knew.

Search ancient histories, consult records,
Under this title the most Christian lords
Hold (thanks to conscience) more than half the ball ;
O'erthrow this title, they have none at all ;
For never yet might any monarch dare,
Who liv'd to truth, and breath'd a Christian air,
Pretend that Christ, (who came, we all agree,
To bless his people, and to set them free)
To make a convert, ever one law gave,
By which converters made him first a slave.
Spite of the glosses of a canting priest,
Who talks of charity, but means a feast,
Who recommends it, (whilst he seems to feel
The holy glowings of a real zeal)
To all his hearers, as a deed of worth,
To give them Heaven, whom they have robb'd of
earth,

Never shall one, one truly honest man,
Who, bless'd with Liberty, reveres her plan,
Allow one moment, that a savage sire
Could from his wretched race, for childish hire,
By a wild grant, their all, their freedom pass,
And sell his country for a bit of glass.

Or grant this barbarous right, let Spain and France,
In slavery bred, as purchasers advance ;
Let them, whilst conscience is at distance hurl'd,
With some gay bauble buy a golden world :
An Englishman, in charter'd freedom born,
Shall spurn the slavish merchandise, shall scorn

To take from others, through base private views,
What he himself would rather die, than lose.

Happy the savage of those early times,
Ere Europe's sons were known, and Europe's crimes!
Gold, cursed gold! slept in the womb of earth,
Unfelt its mischiefs, as unknown its worth ;
In full content he found the truest wealth,
In toil he found diversion, food, and health ;
Stranger to ease and luxury of courts,
His sports were labours, and his labours sports ;
His youth was hardy, and his old age green ;
Life's morn was vigorous, and her eve serene ;
No rules he held, but what were made for use,
No arts he learn'd, nor ills which arts produce :
False lights he follow'd, but believ'd them true ;
He knew not much, but liv'd to what he knew.

Happy, thrice happy, now, the savage race,
Since Europe took their gold, and gave them grace !
Pastors she sends to help them in their need,
Some who can't write ; with others who can't read ;
And on sure grounds the Gospel pile to rear,
Sends missionary felons every year ;
Our vices, with more zeal than holy prayers,
She teaches them, and in return takes theirs :
Her rank oppressions give them cause to rise,
Her want of prudence means and arms supplies,
Whilst her brave rage, not satisfied with life,
Rising in blood, adopts the scalping-knife :
Knowledge she gives, enough to make them know
How abject is their state, how deep their woe :
The worth of freedom strongly she explains,
Whilst she bows down, and loads their necks with
chains :

Faith, too, she plants, for her own ends impress'd,
To make them bear the worst and hope the best ;

And whilst she teaches, on vile interest's plan,
As laws of God, the wild decrees of man,
Like Pharisees, of whom the Scriptures tell,
She makes them ten times more the sons of Hell.

But whither do these grave reflections tend?
Are they design'd for any, or no end ;
Briefly but this—to prove, that by no act
Which Nature made, that by no equal pact
'Twixt man and man, which might if justice heard,
Stand good ; that by no benefits confer'd
Or purchase made, Europe in chains can hold
The sons of India, and her mines of gold.
Chance led her there in an accursed hour ;
She saw, and made the country her's by power ;
Nor drawn by virtue's love from love of fame,
Shall my rash folly controvert the claim,
Or wish in thought that title overthrown
Which coincides with, and involves my own.

Europe discover'd India first ; I found
My right to Gotham on the self-same ground ;
I first discover'd it, nor shall that plea
To her be granted, and denied to me ;
I plead possession, and, till one more bold
Shall drive me out, will that possession hold.
With Europe's rights my kindred rights I twine ;
Her's be the Western world, be Gotham mine.

Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites, rejoice ;
Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice :
The voice of gladness ; and on every tongue,
In strains of gratitude, be praises hung,
The praises of so great and good a king ;
Shall Churchill reign, and shall not Gotham sing?

As on a day, a high and holy day,
Let every instrument of music play,

Ancient and modern ; those which drew their birth
(Punctilios laid aside) from Pagan earth,
As well as those by Christian made and Jew,
Those known to many, and those known to few ;
Those which in whim and frolic lightly float,
And those which swell the slow and solemn note ;
Those which (whilst Reason stands in wonder by)
Make some complexions laugh and others cry ;
Those which by some strange faculty of sound,
Can build walls up, and raze them to the ground ;
Those, which can tear up forests by the roots,
And make brutes dance like men, and men like brutes ;
Those which, whilst Ridicule leads up the dance,
Make clowns of Monmouth ape the fops of France ;
Those which, where Lady Dulness with Lord Mayors
Presides, disdaining light and trifling airs,
Hallow the feast with psalmody, and those
Which, planted in our churches to dispose
And lift the mind to Heaven, are disgrac'd
With what a foppish organist calls Taste :
All, from the fiddle (on which every fool,
The pert son of dull sire, discharg'd from school,
Serves an apprenticeship in college ease,
And rises through the gamut to degrees)
To those which (though less common, not less sweet)
From fam'd Saint Giles's, and more fam'd Vine-street,
(Where Heaven, the utmost wish of Man to grant,
Gave me an old house, and an older aunt)
Thornton ³, whilst humour pointed out the road
To her arch cub, hath hitch'd into an ode ;
All instruments, (attend, ye listening Spheres,
Attend, ye sons of men, and hear with ears)

³ Bonnell Thornton wrote a burlesque 'Ode on St. Cecilia's Day.'

All instruments, (nor shall they seek one hand
Impress'd from modern Music's coxcomb-band)
All instruments, self-acted, at my name
Shall pour forth harmony, and loud proclaim,
Loud but yet sweet, to the according globe,
My praises, whilst gay Nature, in a robe,
A coxcomb doctor's robe, to the full sound
Keeps time, like Boyce⁴, and the world dances

Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites ! rejoice ; [round.
Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
The voice of gladness ; and on every tongue,
In strains of gratitude, be praises hung,
The praises of so great and good a king :
Shall Churchill reign, and shall not Gotham sing ?

Infancy, straining backward from the breast,
Tetchy and wayward, what he loveth best
Refusing in his fits, whilst all the while
The mother eyes the wrangler with a smile,
And the fond father sits on t'other side,
Laughs at his moods, and views his spleen with pride,
Shall murmur forth my name, whilst at his hand
Nurse stands interpreter through Gotham's land.

Childhood, who like an April-morn appears
Sunshine and rain, hopes clouded o'er with fears,
Pleas'd and displeas'd by starts, in passion warm,
In reason weak ; who wrought into a storm,
Like to the fretful billows of the deep,
Soon spends his rage, and cries himself asleep :
Who, with a feverish appetite oppress'd,
For trifles sighs, but hates them when possess'd,
His trembling lash suspended in the air,
Half-bent, and stroking back his long lank hair,

⁴ Dr. William Boyce, the celebrated musician, master of the King's band, and organist and composer to his Majesty.

Shall to his mates look up with eager glee,
And let his top go down, to prate of me.

Youth, who, fierce, fickle, insolent, and vain,
Impatient urges on to Manhood's reign,
Impatient urges on, yet with a cast
Of dear regard, looks back on Childhood past,
In the mid-chase, when the hot blood runs high,
And the quick spirits mount into his eye ;
When pleasure, which he deems his greatest wealth,
Beats in his heart, and paints his cheeks with health ;
When the chaf'd steed tugs proudly at the rein,
And ere he starts hath run o'er half the plain ;
When, wing'd with fear, the stag flies full in view,
And in full cry the eager hounds pursue,
Shall shout my praise to hills which shout again,
And ev'n the huntsman stop, to cry Amen.

Manhood, of form erect, who would not bow
Though worlds should crack around him ; on his
Wisdom serene, to passion giving law, [brow
Bespeaking love, and yet commanding awe ;
Dignity into grace by mildness wrought ;
Courage attemper'd, and refin'd by thought :
Virtue supreme enthron'd, within his breast
The image of his Maker deep impress'd ;
Lord of this earth, which trembles at his nod,
With reason bless'd, and only less than God ;
Manhood, though weeping Beauty kneels for aid,
Though Honour calls, in Danger's form array'd,
Though cloth'd with sackcloth, Justice in the gates,
By wicked elders chain'd, Redemption waits,
Manhood shall steal an hour, a little hour,
(Is't not a little one ?) to hail my pow'r.

Old Age, a second child, by Nature curst
With more and greater evils than the first :

Weak, sickly, full of pains, in every breath
Railing at life, and yet afraid of death ;
Putting things off, with sage and solemn air,
From day to day, without one day to spare ;
Without enjoyment, covetous of pelf,
Tiresome to friends, and tiresome to himself ;
His faculties impair'd, his temper sour'd,
His memory of recent things devour'd
Ev'n with the acting, on his shatter'd brain,
Though the false registers of youth remain :
From morn to evening babbling forth vain praise
Of those rare men, who liv'd in those rare days,
When he, the hero of his tale, was young,
Dull repetitions faltering on his tongue ;
Praising grey hairs, sure mark of Wisdom's sway,
Ev'n whilst he curses Time, which made him grey ;
Scoffing at youth, ev'n whilst he would afford
All but his gold to have his youth restor'd,
Shall for a moment, from himself set free,
Lean on his crutch, and pipe forth praise to me.

Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites ! rejoice ;
Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
The voice of gladness ; and on every tongue,
In strains of gratitude, be praises hung,
The praises of so great and good a king ;
Shall Churchill reign, and shall not Gotham sing ?

Things without life shall in this chorus join,
And, dumb to others' praise, be loud in mine.

The snow-drop, who in habit white and plain,
Comes on, the herald of fair Flora's train :
The coxcomb crocus, flower of simple note,
Who by her side struts in a herald's coat ;
The tulip, idly glaring to the view,
Who, though no clown, his birth from Holland drew ;

Who, once full dress'd, fears from his place to stir,
The fop of flowers, the More of a parterre ;
The woodbine, who her elm in marriage meets,
And brings her dowry in surrounding sweets ;
The lily, silver mistress of the vale,
The rose of Sharon, which perfumes the gale ;
The jessamine, with which the queen of flow'rs
To charm her god adorns his favourite bow'rs,
Which brides, by the plain hand of Neatness dress'd,
Unenvied rival, wear upon their breast,
Sweet as the incense of the morn, and chaste
As the pure zone, which circles Dian's waist ;
All flowers of various names, and various forms,
Which the sun into strength and beauty warms,
From the dwarf daisy, which, like infants, clings,
And fears to leave the earth from whence it springs,
To the proud giant of the garden race,
Who, madly rushing to the sun's embrace,
O'ertops her fellows with aspiring aim,
Demands his wedded love, and bears his name ;
All, one and all, shall in this chorus join,
And, dumb to others' praise, be loud in mine.

Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites ! rejoice ;
Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
The voice of gladness ; and on every tongue,
In strains of gratitude, be praises hung,
The praises of so great and good a king ;
Shall Churchill reign, and shall not Gotham sing ?
Forming a gloom, through which, to spleen-struck
Religion, horror-stamp'd, a passage finds, [minds,
The ivy crawling o'er the hallow'd cell
Where some old hermit's wont his beads to tell
By day, by night : the myrtle ever green,
Beneath whose shade Love holds his rites unseen ;

The willow, weeping o'er the fatal wave
Where many a lover finds a watry grave ;
The cypress, sacred held, when lovers mourn
Their true love snatch'd away ; the laurel worn
By poets in old time, but destin'd now,
In grief, to wither on a Whitehead's brow ;
The fig, which, large as what in India grows,
Itself a grove, gave our first parents clothes ;
The vine, which, like a blushing new-made bride,
Clustering, empurples all the mountain's side ;
The yew, which, in the place of sculptur'd stone,
Marks out the resting-place of men unknown ;
The hedge-row elm, the pine of mountain race ;
The fir, the Scotch fir, never out of place ;
The cedar, whose top mates the highest cloud,
Whilst his old father Lebanon grows proud
Of such a child, and his vast body laid
Out many a mile, enjoys the filial shade ;
The oak, when living, monarch of the wood ;
The English oak, which, dead, commands the flood ;
All, one and all, shall in this chorus join,
And, dumb to others' praise, be loud in mine.

Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites ! rejoice ;
Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
The voice of gladness : and on every tongue,
In strains of gratitude, be praises sung,
The praises of so great and good a king ;
Shall Churchill reign, and shall not Gotham sing ?

The showers, which make the young hills, like
young lambs,
Bound and rebound ; the old hills, like old rams ⁵,

⁵ ' The mountains skipped like rams, and the little hills like young sheep.' Psalm 114. The scriptural allusions in this paragraph seem rather profanely introduced.

Unwieldy, jump for joy ; the streams, which glide,
Whilst Plenty marches smiling by their side,
And from their bosom rising Commerce springs,
The winds, which rise with healing on their wings,
Before whose cleansing breath Contagion flies ;
The sun, who, travelling in eastern skies
Fresh, full of strength, just risen from his bed,
Though in Jove's pastures they were born and bred,
With voice and whip, can scarce make his steeds stir,
Step by step, up the perpendicular ;
Who, at the hour of eve, panting for rest,
Rolls on amain, and gallops down the west
As fast as Jehu, oil'd ⁶ for Ahab's sin,
Drove for a crown, or postboys for an inn ;
The moon, who holds o'er night her silver reign,
Regent of tides, and mistress of the brain,
Who to her sons, those sons who own her pow'r
And do her homage at the midnight hour,
Gives madness as a blessing, but dispenses
Wisdom to fools, and damns them with their senses,
The stars, who, by I know not what strange right,
Preside o'er mortals in their own despite,
Who, without reason, govern those who most
(How truly, judge from thence !) of reason boast,
And, by some mighty magic yet unknown,
Our actions guide, yet cannot guide their own ;
All, one and all, shall in this chorus join,
And, dumb to others' praise, be loud in mine.

Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites ! rejoice ;
Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,

⁶ That is, *anointed*, Jehu being so made king over Israel, to avenge the sins committed by the house of Ahab. See 2 Kings ix. 6.

The voice of gladness ; and on every tongue,
In strains of gratitude, be praises hung,
The praises of so great and good a king ;
Shall Churchill reign, and shall not Gotham sing?

The moment, minute, hour, day, week, month,
Morning and eve, as they in turn appear ; [year,
Moments and minutes, which, without a crime,
Can't be omitted in accounts of time,
Or, if omitted, (proof we might afford)
Worthy by parliaments to be restor'd ; [white,
The hours, which, dress'd by turns in black and
Ordain'd as handmaids, wait on day and night ;
The day, those hours, I mean, when light presides,
And Business in a cart with Prudence rides ;
The night, those hours, I mean, with darkness hung,
When Sense speaks free, and Folly holds her tongue,
The morn, when Nature, rousing from her strife,
With death-like sleep awakes to second life ;
The eve, when, as unequal to the task,
She mercy from her foe descends to ask :
The week, in which six days are kindly giv'n
To think of earth, and one to think of Heav'n ;
The months, twelve sisters, all of different hue,
Though there appears in all a likeness too ;
Not such a likeness as through Hayman's works ⁷,
Dull mannerist ! in Christians, Jews, and Turks,
Cloys with a sameness in each female face,
But a strange something, born of Art and Grace,
Which speaks them all, to vary and adorn,
At different times of the same parents born ;

⁷ Hayman was indeed a heavy mannerist, and his designs are easily distinguishable, as Lord Orford observed, by the large noses and shambling legs of his figures. See Anecdotes of Painting.

All, one and all, shall in this chorus join,
And, dumb to others' praise, be loud in mine.

Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites! rejoice;
Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
The voice of gladness: and on every tongue,
In strains of gratitude, be praises sung,
The praises of so great and good a king;
Shall Churchill reign, and shall not Gotham sing?

Frore January, leader of the year,
Minc'd-pies in van, and calves-heads in the rear;
Dull February, in whose leaden reign
My mother bore a bard without a brain; [cheeks,
March, various, fierce, and wild, with wind-crack'd
By wilder Welshmen led, and crown'd with leeks;
April, with fools, and May, with bastards bless'd;
June, with White Roses on her rebel breast;
July, to whom, the Dog-star in her train,
Saint James gives oysters, and Saint Swithin rain;
August, who, banish'd from her Smithfield⁸ stand,
To Chelsea flies, with Dogget in her hand;
September, when by custom (right divine)
Geese are ordain'd to bleed at Michael's shrine,
Whilst the priest, not so full of grace as wit,
Falls too unblest'd, nor gives the saint a bit;
October, who the cause of freedom join'd,
And gave a second George⁹ to bless mankind;
November, who at once to grace our earth,
Saint Andrew boasts, and our Augusta's birth:
December, last of months, but best who gave
A Christ to man, a Saviour to the slave,

⁸ Alluding to the shortening of Bartholomew Fair, and to the annual rowing match for a waterman's coat and silver badge on the 1st of August, instituted by Thomas Doggett.

⁹ George the Second was born the 30th of October.

Whilst, falsely grateful, man, at the full feast,
To do God honour makes himself a beast ;
All, one and all, shall in this chorus join,
And, dumb to others' praise, be loud in mine.

Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites! rejoice ;
Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
The voice of gladness ; and on every tongue,
In strains of gratitude, be praises hung,
The praises of so great and good a king ;
Shall Churchill reign, and shall not Gotham sing?

The seasons as they roll ; Spring, by her side
Lechery and Lent, lay-folly and church-pride,
By a rank monk to copulation led,
A tub of sainted salt-fish on her head :
Summer, in light transparent gauze array'd,
Like maids of honour at a masquerade ¹⁰,
In bawdry gauze, for which our daughters leave
The fig, more modest, first brought up by Eve,
Panting for breath, inflam'd with lustful fires,
Yet wanting strength to perfect her desires,
Leaning on Sloth, who, fainting with the heat,
Stops at each step, and slumbers on his feet :
Autumn, when Nature, who with sorrow feels
Her dread foe Winter treading on her heels,
Makes up in value what she wants in length,
Exerts her powers, and puts forth all her strength,
Bids corn and fruits in full perfection rise,
Corn fairly tax'd, and fruits without excise ;
Winter, benum'd with cold, no longer known
By robes of fur, since furs became our own ;
A hag, who, loathing all, by all is loath'd,
With weekly, daily, hourly, libels cloth'd.

¹⁰ The nominal Duchess of Kingston, when Miss Chudleigh, and a Maid of Honour to the Queen, appeared at a masquerade in a dress composed entirely of gauze.

Vile Faction at her heels, who, mighty grown,
Would rule the ruler, and foreclose the throne,
Would turn all state affairs into a trade,
Make laws one day, the next to be unmade,
Beggar at home, a people fear'd abroad,
And, force defeated, make them slaves by fraud ;
All, one and all, shall in this chorus join,
And, dumb to others' praise, be loud in mine.

Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites ! rejoice ;
Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
The voice of gladness : and on every tongue,
In strains of gratitude, be praises hung,
The praises of so great and good a king !
Shall Churchill reign, and shall not Gotham sing ?

The year, grand circle ! in whose ample round
The seasons regular and fix'd are bound,
(Who, in his course repeated o'er and o'er,
Sees the same things which he had seen before ;
The same stars keep their watch, and the same sun
Runs in the track where he from first hath run :
The same moon rules the night ; tides ebb and flow,
Man is a puppet, and this world a show :
Their old dull follies old dull fools pursue,
And vice in nothing, but in mode, is new ;
He, * * * a lord (now far befall that pride,
He liv'd a villain, but a lord he died)
Dashwood is pious, Berkeley ¹¹ fix'd as fate,
Sandwich (thank Heaven !) first minister of state,
And, though by fools despis'd, by saints unblest'd,
By friends neglected, and by foes oppress'd,
Scorning the servile arts of each court elf,
Founded on honour, Wilkes is still himself)

¹¹ Colonel Norborne Berkeley, in whose favour the old extinct barony of Botolphclunkey was revived.

The year, encircled with the various train
Which waits, and fills the glories of his reign,
Shall, taking up this theme, in chorus join,
And, dumb to others' praise, be loud in mine.

Rejoice, ye happy Gothamites ! rejoice ;
Lift up your voice on high, a mighty voice,
The voice of gladness ; and on every tongue,
In strains of gratitude, be praises hung,
The praises of so great and good a king ;
Shall Churchill reign, and shall not Gotham sing ?

Thus far in sport—nor let our critics hence,
Who sell out Monthly trash, and call it Sense,
Too lightly of our present labours deem,
Or judge at random of so high a theme ;
High is our theme, and worthy are the men
To feel the sharpest stroke of Satire's pen ;
But when kind time a proper season brings,
In serious mood to treat of serious things,
Then shall they find, disdaining idle play,
That I can be as grave and dull as they.

Thus far in sport—nor let half patriots, those
Who shrink from every blast of Power which blows,
Who, with tame cowardice familiar grown, [own ;
Would hear my thoughts, but fear to speak their
Who, (lest bold truths, to do sage Prudence spite,
Should burst the portals of their lips by night,
Tremble to trust themselves one hour in sleep)
Condemn our course, and hold our caution cheap ;
When Brave Occasion bids, for some great end,
When Honour calls the poet as a friend,
Then shall they find that, ev'n on danger's brink,
He dares to speak what they scarce dare to think.

BOOK II.

How much mistaken are the men who think
That all who will without restraint may drink ;
May largely drink, ev'n till their bowels burst,
Pleading no right but merely that of thirst,
At the pure waters of the living well,
Beside whose streams the Muses love to dwell !
Verse is with them a knack, an idle toy,
A rattle gilded o'er, on which a boy
May play untaught, whilst, without art or force,
Make it but jingle, music comes of course.

Little do such men know the toil, the pains,
The daily, nightly, racking of the brains,
To range the thoughts, the matter to digest,
To cull fit phrases, and reject the rest ;
To know the times when Humour on the cheek
Of Mirth may hold her sports ; when Wit should
speak,

And when be silent ; when to use the pow'rs
Of ornament, and how to place the flow'rs,
So that they neither give a tawdry glare,
' Nor waste their sweetness in the desert air ;'
To form, (which few can do, and scarcely one,
One critic in an age, can find when done)
To form a plan, to strike a grand outline,
To fill it up, and make the picture shine
A full and perfect piece ; to make coy Rhyme
Renounce her follies, and with Sense keep time ;
To make proud Sense against her nature bend,
And wear the chains of Rhyme, yet call her friend.

Some fops there are, among the scribbling tribe,
Who make it all their business to describe,
No matter whether in or out of place;
Studious of finery, and fond of lace,
Alike they trim, as coxcomb fancy brings,
The rags of beggars, and the robes of kings.
Let dull Propriety in state preside
O'er her dull children, Nature is their guide;
Wild Nature, who at random breaks the fence
Of those tame drudges, Judgment, Taste, and Sense,
Nor would forgive herself the mighty crime
Of keeping terms with person, place, and time.

Let liquid gold emblaze the sun at noon,
With borrow'd beams let silver pale the moon;
Let surges hoarse lash the resounding shore,
Let streams meander, and let torrents roar;
Let them breed up the melancholy breeze
To sigh with sighing, sob with sobbing trees;
Let vales embroidery wear; let flowers be ting'd
With various tints; let clouds be lac'd or fring'd,
They have their wish; like idle monarch boys,
Neglecting things of weight, they sigh for toys;
Give them the crown, the sceptre, and the robe,
Who will may take the power, and rule the globe.

Others there are who, in one solemn pace,
With as much zeal as Quakers, rail at lace,
Railing at needful ornament, depend
On sense to bring them to their journey's end:
They would not (Heaven forbid!) their course
Nor for a moment step out of the way, [delay,
To make the barren road those graces wear
Which Nature would, if pleas'd, have planted there.

Vain Men! who blindly thwarting Nature's plan,
Ne'er find a passage to the heart of man:

Who, bred 'mongst fogs in academic land,
Scorn every thing they do not understand ;
Who, destitute of humour, wit, and taste,
Let all their little knowledge run to waste,
And frustrate each good purpose, whilst they wear
The robes of Learning with a sloven's air.
Though solid reasoning arms each sterling line,
Though Truth declares aloud, ' This work is mine.'
Vice, whilst from page to page dull morals creep,
Throws by the book, and Virtue falls asleep.

Sense, mere dull, formal Sense, in this gay town,
Must have some vehicle to pass her down ;
Nor can she for an hour insure her reign,
Unless she brings fair Pleasure in her train.
Let her from day to day, from year to year,
In all her grave solemnities appear,
And, with the voice of trumpets, through the streets
Deal lectures out to every one she meets ;
Half who pass by are deaf, and t'other half
Can hear indeed, but only hear to laugh.

Quit then, ye graver sons of letter'd Pride!
Taking for once Experience as a guide :
Quit this grand error, this dull college mode ;
Be your pursuits the same, but change the road ;
Write, or at least appear to write, with ease,
' And if you mean to profit, learn to please.'

In vain for such mistakes they pardon claim,
Because they wield the pen in Virtue's name :
Thrice sacred is that name, thrice bless'd the man
Who thinks, speaks, writes, and lives on such a plan !
This, in himself, himself of course must bless,
But cannot with the world promote success.
He may be strong, but, with effect to speak,
Should recollect his readers may be weak :

Plain rigid truths, which saints with comfort bear,
Will make the sinner tremble and despair.
True Virtue acts from love, and the great end
At which she nobly aims, is to amend ;
How then do those mistake, who arm her laws
With rigour not their own, and hurt the cause
They mean to help, whilst with a zealot rage
They make that goddess, whom they'd have engage
Our dearest love, in hideous terror rise !
Such may be honest, but they can't be wise.

In her own full and perfect blaze of light
Virtue breaks forth too strong for human sight ;
The dazzled eye, that nice but weaker sense,
Shuts herself up in darkness for defence :
But to make strong conviction deeper sink,
To make the callous feel, the thoughtless think,
Like God, made man, she lays her glory by,
And beams mild comfort on the ravish'd eye :
In earnest most when most she seems in jest
She worms into, and winds around, the breast ;
To conquer vice, of vice appears the friend,
And seems unlike herself to gain her end.
The sons of Sin, to while away the time
Which lingers on their hands, of each black crime
To hush the painful memory, and keep
The tyrant Conscience in delusive sleep,
Read on at random, nor suspect the dart
Until they find it rooted in their heart.
'Gainst vice they give their vote, nor know at first
That, cursing that, themselves too they have curst ;
They see not till they fall into the snares,
Deluded into virtue unawares.
Thus the shrewd doctor, in the spleen-struck mind
When pregnant horror sits and broods o'er wind,

Discarding drugs, and striving how to please,
Lures on insensibly, by slow degrees,
The patient to those manly sports which bind
The slacken'd sinews, and relieve the mind;
The patient feels a change as wrought by stealth,
And wonders on demand to find it health.

Some few, whom Fate ordain'd to deal in rhymes
In other lands, and here, in other times,
Whom, waiting at their birth, the midwife Muse
Sprinkled all over with Castalian dew,
'To whom true Genius gave his magic pen,
Whom Art by just degrees led up to men; [tween
Some few, extremes well shun'd, have steer'd be-
These dangerous rocks, and held the golden mean :
Sense in their works maintains her proper state,
But never sleeps, or labours with her weight ;
Grace makes the whole look elegant and gay,
But never dares from Sense to run astray :
So nice the master's touch, so great his care,
The colours boldly glow, not idly glare ;
Mutually giving, and receiving aid,
They set each other off like light and shade,
And, as by stealth, with so much softness blend
'Tis hard to say where they begin or end ;
Both give us charms, and neither gives offence ;
Sense perfects grace, and grace enlivens sense.

Peace to the men who these high honours claim,
Health to their souls, and to their memories fame :
Be it my task, and no mean task, to teach
A reverence for that worth I cannot reach :
Let me at distance, with a steady eye,
Observe and mark their passage to the sky ;
From envy free, applaud such rising worth,
And praise their Heaven, though pinion'd down to
earth.

Had I the power, I could not have the time,
Whilst spirits flow, and life is in her prime,
Without a sin 'gainst pleasure, to design
A plan, to methodise each thought, each line,
Highly to finish, and make every grace,
In itself charming, take new charms from place.
Nothing of books, and little known of men,
When the mad fit comes on, I seize the pen,
Rough as they run, the rapid thoughts set down,
Rough as they run, discharge them on the town ;
Hence rude unfinish'd brats, before their time,
Are born into this idle world of Rhyme,
And the poor slattern Muse is brought to bed
' With all her imperfections on her head.'
Some, as no life appears, no pulses play [way,
Through the dull dubious mass, no breath makes
Doubt, greatly doubt, till for a glass they call¹,
Whether the child can be baptiz'd at all ;
Others, on other grounds, objections frame,
And, granting that the child may have a name,
Doubt, as the sex might well a midwife pose,
Whether they should baptize it verse or prose.

Ev'n what my masters please ; bards, mild, meek
In love to critics, stumble now and then. [men,
Something I do myself, and something too,
If they can do it, leave for them to do.
In the small compass of my careless page
Critics may find employment for an age :
Without my blunders they were all undone ;
I twenty feed, where Mason can feed one.

When Satire stoops, unmindful of her state,
To praise the man I love, curse him I hate ;

¹ A common mode of ascertaining whether life remains in any person, is to apply a glass to the lips.

When sense, in tides of passion borne along,
Sinking to prose, degrades the name of song;
The censor smiles, and whilst my credit bleeds,
With as high relish on the carrion feeds
As the proud Earl fed at a turtle feast,
Who turn'd by gluttony to worse than beast,
Ate till his bowels gush'd upon the floor,
Yet still ate on, and dying call'd for more.

When loose Digression, like a colt unbroke,
Spurning connection and her formal yoke,
Bounds through the forest, wanders far astray
From the known path, and loves to lose her way,
'Tis a full feast to all the mongrel pack
To run the rambler down, and bring her back.

When gay Description, Fancy's fairy child,
Wild without art, and yet with pleasure wild,
Waking with Nature at the morning hour
To the lark's call, walks o'er the opening flow'r
Which largely drank all night of heaven's fresh dew,
And, like a mountain nymph of Dian's crew,
So lightly walks she not one mark imprints,
Nor brushes off the dews, nor soils the tints;
When thus Description sports, ev'n at the time
That drums should beat and canuons roar in rhyme,
Critics can live on such a fault as that
From one month to the other and grow fat.

Ye mighty Monthly Judges! in a dearth
Of letter'd blockheads, conscious of the worth
Of my materials, which against your will
Oft you've confess'd, and shall confess it still;
Materials rich, though rude, inflam'd with thought,
Though more by fancy than by judgment wrought;
Take, use them as your own, a work begin,
Which suits your genius well, and weave them in,

Fram'd for the critic-loom with critic-art,
Till thread on thread depending, part on part,
Colour with colour mingling, light with shade,
To your dull taste a formal work is made,
And, having wrought them into one grand piece,
Swear it surpasses Rome, and rivals Greece.

Nor think this much, for at one single word,
Soon as the mighty critic-fiat's heard,
Science attends their call ; their power is own'd ;
Order takes place, and Genius is dethron'd !
Letters dance into books, defiance hur'd
At means, as atoms danc'd into a world.

Me higher business calls, a greater plan,
Worthy man's whole employ, the good of man,
The good of man committed to my charge ;
If idle Fancy rambles forth at large,
Careless of such a trust, these harmless lays
May Friendship envy, and may Folly praise ;
The crown of Gotham may some Scot assume,
And vagrant Stuarts reign in Churchill's room.

O my poor People ! O thou wretched Earth !
To whose dear love, though not engag'd by birth,
My heart is fix'd, my service deeply sworn,
How, (by thy father can that thought be borne,
For monarchs, would they all but think like me,
Are only fathers in the best degree)
How must thy glories fade, in every land
Thy name be laugh'd to scorn, thy mighty hand
Be shorten'd, and thy zeal, by foes confess'd,
Bless'd in thyself, to make thy neighbours bless'd,
Be robb'd of vigour ; how must Freedom's pile,
The boast of ages, which adorns the Isle,
And makes it great and glorious, fear'd abroad,
Happy at home, secure from force and fraud :

How must that pile, by ancient Wisdom rais'd
On a firm rock, by friends admir'd and prais'd,
Envied by foes, and wonder'd at by all,
In one short moment into ruins fall,
Should any slip of Stuart's tyrant race,
Or bastard or legitimate, disgrace
Thy royal seat of empire ! but what care,
What sorrow must be mine, what deep despair
And self-reproaches, should that hated line
Admittance gain through any fault of mine !
Curs'd be the cause whence Gotham's evils spring,
Though that curs'd cause be found in Gotham's king.

Let War, with all his needy ruffian-band,
In pomp of horror stalk through Gotham's land
Knee-deep in blood, let all her stately tow'rs
Sink in the dust ; that court which now is ours
Become a den, where beasts may, if they can,
A lodging find, nor fear rebuke from man ;
Where yellow harvests rise, be brambles found ;
Where vines now creep, let thistles curse the ground ;
Dry in her thousand vallies be the rills ;
Barren the cattle on her thousand hills :
Where Power is plac'd, let tigers prowl for prey ;
Where Justice lodges, let wild asses bray ;
Let cormorants in churches make their nest,
And on the sails of commerce bitterns rest ;
Be all, though princes in the earth before,
Her merchants bankrupts, and her marts no more ;
Much rather would I, might the will of Fate
Give me to choose, see Gotham's ruin'd state
By ills on ills, thus to the earth weigh'd down,
Than live to see a Stuart wear a crown.

Let Heaven in vengeance arm all Nature's host,
Those servants who their Maker know, who boast

Obedience as their glory, and fulfil,
Unquestion'd, their great Master's sacred will;
Let raging winds root up the boiling deep,
And, with destruction big, o'er Gotham sweep;
Let rains rush down, till Faith, with doubtful eye,
Looks for the sign of mercy in the sky;
Let Pestilence in all her horrors rise;
Where'er I turn, let Famine blast my eyes;
Let the earth yawn, and, ere they've time to think,
In the deep gulf let all my subjects sink
Before my eyes, whilst on the verge I reel;
Feeling, but as a monarch ought to feel,
Not for myself, but them, I'll kiss the rod,
And, having own'd the justice of my God,
Myself with firmness to the ruin give,
And die with those for whom I wish to live.

This, (but may Heaven's more merciful decrees
Ne'er tempt his servant with such ills as these)
This, or my soul deceives me, I could bear,
But that the Stuart race my crown should wear;
That crown, where, highly cherish'd, Freedom shone
Bright as the glories of the mid-day sun;
Born and bred slaves, that they, with proud misrule,
Should make brave freeborn men, like boys at school,
To the whip crouch and tremble—O, that thought!
The labouring brain is ev'n to madness brought
By the dread vision; at the mere surmise,
The thronging spirits, as in tumult, rise;
My heart as for a passage, loudly beats,
And turn me where I will, distraction meets.

O, my brave fellows! great in arts and arms,
The wonder of the earth, whom glory warms
To high achievements; can your spirits bend,
Through base control, (ye never can descend

So low by choice) to wear a tyrant's chain,
Or let in Freedom's seat a Stuart reign?
If Fame, (who hath for ages, far and wide,
Spread in all realms the cowardice, the pride,
The tyranny and falsehood of those lords)
Contents you not, search England's fair records;
England, where first the breath of life I drew,
Where next to Gotham, my best love is due;
There once they rul'd, though crush'd by William's
hand,

They rul'd no more to curse that happy land.

The first, who, from his native soil remov'd,
Held England's sceptre, a tame tyrant prov'd:
Virtue he lack'd, curs'd with those thoughts which
spring

In souls of vulgar stamp to be a king:
Spirit he had not, though he laugh'd at laws,
To play the bold-fac'd tyrant with applause;
On practices most mean he rais'd his pride,
And Craft oft gave what Wisdom oft denied.

Ne'er could he feel how truly man is bless'd
In blessing those around him; in his breast,
Crowded with follies, Honour found no room;
Mark'd for a coward in his mother's womb,
He was too prond without affronts to live,
Too timorous to punish or forgive.

To gain a crown, which had in course of time,
By fair descent, been his without a crime,
He bore a mother's exile; to secure
A greater crown, he basely could endure
The spilling of her blood by foreign knife,
Nor dar'd revenge her death, who gave him life:
Nay, by fond Fear, and fond Ambition led, [shed.
Struck hands with those by whom her blood was

Call'd up to power, scarce warm on England's throne,
He fill'd her court with beggars from his own ;
Turn where you would, the eye with Scots was
caught,

Or English knaves, who would be Scotsmen thought ;
To vain expense unbounded loose he gave,
The dupe of minions, and of slaves the slave ;
On false pretences mighty sums he rais'd,
And damn'd those senates rich, whom poor he
prais'd :

From empire thrown, and doom'd to beg her bread,
On foreign bounty whilst a daughter fed,
He lavish'd sums, for her receiv'd, on men
Whose names would fix dishonour on my pen.

Lies were his playthings, parliaments his sport ;
Book-worms and catanites engross'd the court :
Vain of the scholar, like all Scotsmen since,
The pedant scholar, he forgot the prince ;
And having with some trifles stor'd his brain,
Ne'er learn'd, nor wish'd to learn, the arts to reign.
Enough he knew, to make him vain and proud,
Mock'd by the wise, the wonder of the crowd ;
False friend, false son, false father, and false king,
False wit, false statesman, and false every thing :
When he should act he idly chose to prate,
And pamphlets wrote when he should save the state.

Religious, if religion holds in whim,
To talk with all, he let all talk with him :
Not on God's honour, but his own intent,
Not for religion's sake, but argument ;
More vain if some sly, artful, High-Dutch slave,
Or, from the Jesuit school, some precious knave
Conviction feign'd, than if, to peace restor'd
By his full soldiership, worlds hail'd him Lord.

Power was his wish, unbounded as his will,
The power, without control, of doing ill;
But what he wish'd, what he made bishops preach,
And statesmen warrant, hung within his reach,
He dar'd not seize ; fear gave, to gall his pride,
'That freedom to the realm his will denied.

Of treaties fond, o'erweening of his parts,
In every treaty, of his own mean arts
He fell the dupe ; peace was his coward care,
Ev'n at a time when justice call'd for war :
His pen he'd draw to prove his lack of wit,
But rather than unsheath the sword, submit.
'Truth fairly must record ; and, pleas'd to live
In league with mercy, justice may forgive
Kingdoms betray'd, and worlds resign'd to Spain,
But never can forgive a Raleigh slain. [year)

At length, (with white let Freedom mark that
Not fear'd by those whom most he wish'd to fear,
Not lov'd by those whom most he wish'd to love,
He went to answer for his faults above,
To answer to that God from whom alone
He claim'd to hold and to abuse the throne,
Leaving behind, a curse to all his line,
'The bloody legacy of Right Divine.

With many virtues which a radiance fling
Round private men, with few which grace a king
And speak the monarch, at the time of life
When passion holds with reason doubtful strife,
Succeeded Charles, by a mean sire undone,
Who envied virtue even in a son.

His youth was froward, turbulent, and wild ;
He took the man up, ere he left the child ;
His soul was eager for imperial sway,
Ere he had learn'd the lesson to obey.

Surrounded by a fawning, flattering throng,
Judgment each day grew weak, and humour strong ;
Wisdom was treated as a noisome weed,
And all his follies let to run to seed.

What ills from such beginnings needs must spring !
What ills to such a land from such a king !
What could she hope ! what had she not to fear !
Base Buckingham ² possess'd his youthful ear ;
Strafford and Laud, when mounted on the throne,
Engross'd his love, and made him all their own ;
Strafford and Laud, who boldly dar'd avow
The traitorous doctrine taught by Tories now ;
Each strove to undo him in his turn and hour,
The first with pleasure, and the last with pow'r.

Thinking (vain thought, disgraceful to the throne !
That all mankind were made for kings alone,
That subjects were but slaves, and what was whim,
Or worse, in common men, was law in him ;
Drunk with Prerogative, which Fate decreed
To guard good kings, and tyrants to mislead ;
Which in a fair proportion to deny
Allegiance dares not, which to hold too high

² George Villiers, raised to the rank of Duke of Buckingham, from the condition of a page, by the perverted affection of James ; succeeded to an uncontrolled influence over the more amiable Charles, and became a principal cause of the early unpopularity of that monarch.

The following lines, written by Churchill, were engraved on a cup of 500*l.* value, presented by Mr. Stephenson of Ludgate-Hill to Mr. Wilkes :

Proud Buckingham, for law too mighty grown,
A patriot dagger prob'd, and from the throne
Sever'd its minion. In succeeding times
May all those fav'rites who adopt his crimes,
Partake his fate, and every Villiers feel
The keen deep searchings of a Felton's steel.

No good can wish, no coward king can dare,
And held too high no English subject bear;
Besieg'd by men of deep and subtle arts,
Men void of principle, and damn'd with parts,
Who saw his weakness made their king their tool,
Then most a slave when most he seem'd to rule :
Taking all public steps for private ends,
Deceiv'd by favourites, whom he call'd friends.
He had not strength enough of soul to find
That monarchs, meant as blessings to mankind,
Sink their great state, and stamp their fame undone,
When what was meant for all, they give to one.
Listening uxorious whilst a woman's prate ³
Modell'd the church and parcell'd out the state,
Whilst (in the state not more than women read)
High-churchmen preach'd and turn'd his pious head.
Tutor'd to see with ministerial eyes,
Forbid to hear a loyal nation's cries ;
Made to believe (what can't a favourite do?)
He heard a nation, hearing one or two ;
Taught by state-quacks himself secure to think,
And out of danger ev'n on danger's brink ;
Whilst power was daily crumbling from his hand,
Whilst murmurs ran through an insulted land,
As if to sanction tyrants Heaven was bound,
He proudly sought the ruin which he found.

Twelve years, twelve tedious and inglorious years,
Did England, crush'd by power, and aw'd by fears,
Whilst proud Oppression struck at Freedom's root,
Lament her senates lost, her Hampden mute :

³ The meddling character and religious prejudices of Henrietta Maria, contributed in no small degree to the destruction of her deluded husband.

Illegal taxes and oppressive loans,
In spite of all her pride, call'd forth her groans ;
Patience was heard her griefs aloud to tell,
And Loyalty was tempted to rebel.

Each day new acts of outrage shook the state,
New courts were rais'd to give new doctrines weight ;
State-Inquisitions kept the realm in awe,
And curs'd Star-Chambers made or rul'd the law ;
Juries were pack'd, and judges were unsound ;
Through the whole kingdom not one Pratt was found.

From the first moments of his giddy youth
He hated senates, for they told him truth :
At length against his will compell'd to treat,
Those whom he could not fright he strove to cheat,
With base dissembling every grievance heard,
And often giving, often broke his word.
Oh ! where shall hapless Truth for refuge fly,
If kings, who should protect her, dare to lie ?

Those who, the general good their real aim,
Sought in their country's good their monarch's fame ;
Those who were anxious for his safety ; those
Who were induc'd by duty to oppose,
Their truth suspected, and their worth unknown,
He held as foes and traitors to his throne,
Nor found his fatal error till the hour
Of saving him was gone and past ; till power
Had shifted hands, to blast his hapless reign,
Making their faith and his repentance vain.

Hence (be that curse confin'd to Gotham's foes)
War, dread to mention, Civil-War, arose ;
All acts of outrage and all acts of shame
Stalk'd forth at large, disguis'd with Honour's name :
Rebellion, raising high her bloody hand,
Spread universal havoc through the land ;

With zeal for party, and with passion drunk,
In public rage all private love was sunk ;
Friend against friend, brother 'gainst brother stood,
And the son's weapon drank the father's blood :
Nature, aghast, and fearful lest her reign
Should last no longer, bled in every vein.

Unhappy Stuart! harshly though that name
Grates on my ear, I should have died with shame
To see my king before his subjects stand,
And at their bar hold up his royal hand ;
At their commands to hear the monarch plead,
By their decrees to see that monarch bleed !
What though thy faults were many and were great ?
What though they shook the basis of the state ?
In royalty secure thy person stood,
And sacred was the fountain of thy blood.
Vile ministers, who dar'd abuse their trust,
Who dar'd seduce a king to be unjust,
Vengeance, with justice leagu'd, with power made
strong,

Had nobly crush'd, 'The king could do no wrong.'

Yet grieve not, Charles! nor thy hard fortunes
blame ;

They took thy life, but they secur'd thy fame,
Their greater crimes made thine like specks appear,
From which the sun in glory is not clear.

Hadst thou in peace and years resign'd thy breath ;
At Nature's call hadst thou laid down in death,
As in a sleep, thy name by Justice borne
On the four winds, had been in pieces torn.

Pity, the virtue of a generous soul,
Sometimes the vice, hath made thy memory whole.
Misfortunes gave what virtue could not give,
And bade, the tyrant slain, the martyr live.

Ye Princes of the earth ! ye mighty few !
Who, worlds subduing, can't yourselves subdue ;
Who, goodness scorn'd, wish only to be great,
Whose breath is blasting, and whose voice is fate ;
Who own no law, no reason, but your will,
And scorn restraint, though 'tis from doing ill ;
Who of all passions groan beneath the worst,
Then only bless'd when they make others curst ;
Think not, for wrongs like these, unscourg'd to live ;
Long may ye sin, and long may Heaven forgive ;
But when ye least expect, in sorrow's day,
Vengeance shall fall more heavy for delay ;
Nor think, that vengeance heap'd on you alone
Shall (poor amends) for injur'd worlds atone ;
No ; like some base distemper, which remains,
Transmitted from the tainted father's veins
In the son's blood, such broad and general crimes
Shall call down vengeance ev'n to latest times,
Call vengeance down on all who bear your name,
And make their portion bitterness and shame.

From land to land for years compell'd to roam,
Whilst Usurpation lorded it at home,
Of majesty unmindful, forc'd to fly,
Not daring, like a king, to reign or die ;
Recall'd to repossess his lawful throne
More at his people's seeking than his own,
Another Charles succeeded. In the school
Of travel he had learn'd to play the fool,
And, like pert pupils with dull tutors sent
To shame their country on the Continent,
From love of England by long absence wean'd,
From every court he every folly glean'd,
And was, so close do evil habits cling,
'Till crown'd, a beggar, and when crown'd, no king.

Those grand and general powers which Heaven
An instance of his mercy to mankind [design'd
Were lost, in storms of dissipation hurl'd,
Nor would he give one hour to bless a world ;
Lighter than levity which strides the blast,
And of the present fond, forgets the past,
He chang'd and chang'd, but every hope to curse,
Chang'd only from one folly to a worse :
State he resign'd to those whom state could please ;
Careless of majesty, his wish was ease ;
Pleasure, and pleasure only, was his aim ;
Kings of less wit might hunt the bubble fame :
Dignity through his reign was made a sport,
Nor dar'd Decorum show her face at court :
Morality, was held a standing jest,
And faith, a necessary fraud at best :
Courtiers, their monarch ever in their view,
Possess'd great talents, and abus'd them too :
Whate'er was light, impertinent, and vain,
Whate'er was loose, indecent, and profane,
(So ripe was folly, folly to acquit)
Stood all absolv'd in that poor bawble, wit.

In gratitude, alas ! but little read,
He let his father's servants beg their bread †,
His father's faithful servants and his own,
To place the foes of both around his throne.

Bad counsels he embrac'd through indolence,
Through love of ease, and not through want of sense ;
He saw them wrong, but rather let them go
As right, than take the pains to make them so.

Women rul'd all, and ministers of state
Were for commands at toilets forc'd to wait ;

† The loyalists had great cause to feel disappointed at the neglect their claims experienced after the Restoration.

Women, who have as monarchs grac'd the land,
But never govern'd well at second hand.

To make all other errors slight appear,
In memory fix'd stand Dunkirk ⁵ and Tangier ⁶ ;
In memory fix'd so deep, that time in vain
Shall strive to wipe those records from the brain,
Amboyna stands ⁷—Gods! that a king should hold
In such high estimate vile paltry gold,
And of his duty be so careless found,
That when the blood of subjects from the ground
For vengeance call'd, he should reject their cry,
And, brib'd from honour, lay his thunders by,
Give Holland peace, whilst English victims groan'd,
And butcher'd subjects wander'd unatton'd!
Oh dear, deep injury to England's fame,
To them, to us, to all! to him deep shame!
Of all the passions which from frailty spring,
Avarice is that which least becomes a king.

To crown the whole, scorning the public good,
Which through his reign he little understood,
Or little heeded, with too narrow aim
He reassum'd a bigot brother's claim,
And having made time-serving senates bow,
Suddenly died, that brother best knew how ⁸.

⁵ Dunkirk, which was delivered to Cromwell, in 1658, was, in 1662, sold by Charles II. to the French for 400,000*l*.

⁶ Tangiers, in Africa, formed a part of the dowry brought by Catherine of Portugal to Charles II. Vast sums of money were expended on the fortifications, which were afterwards destroyed, to avoid a further expenditure.

⁷ The cruelties inflicted by the Dutch upon the English at Amboyna in 1622, were never exceeded in the annals of persecution.

⁸ This line appears to imply that Charles was poisoned by his brother; but Burnet, who cannot be accused of partiality to James, admits that he never heard any one suspect him of being accessory to his brother's death.

No matter how—he slept amongst the dead,
And James, his brother, reigned in his stead :
But such a reign—so glaring an offence
In every step 'gainst freedom, law, and sense,
'Gainst all the rights of Nature's general plan,
'Gainst all which constitutes an Englishman,
That the relation would mere fiction seem,
The mock creation of a poet's dream ;
And the poor bards would, in this sceptic age,
Appear as false as *their* historian's page ⁹.

Ambitious folly seiz'd the seat of wit,
Christians were forc'd by bigots to submit ;
Pride without sense, without religion zeal,
Made daring inroads on the commonweal ;
Stern Persecution rais'd her iron rod,
And call'd the pride of kings the power of God ;
Conscience and fame were sacrific'd to Rome,
And England wept at Freedom's sacred tomb.

Her laws despis'd, her constitution wrench'd
From its due natural frame, her rights retrench'd
Beyond a coward's sufferance, conscience forc'd,
And healing justice from the crown divorc'd,
Each moment pregnant with vile acts of power,
Her patriot Bishops sentenc'd to the Tower ¹⁰,
Her Oxford (who yet loves the Stuart name)
Branded with arbitrary marks of shame,
She wept—but wept not long ; to arms she flew,
At Honour's call the' avenging sword she drew,
Turn'd all her terrors on the tyrant's head,
And sent him in despair to beg his bread ;

⁹ See Hume's History of the House of Stuart.

¹⁰ Alluding to the circumstances attending the trial, imprisonment, and acquittal of the seven Bishops, and to the violent proceedings, resorted to by James II. against the fellows of Magdalen College, Oxford, to enforce the election of a Roman Catholic president.

Whilst she, (may every state in such distress
Dare with such zeal, and meet with such success)
Whilst she, (may Gotham, should my abject mind
Choose to enslave rather than free mankind,
Pursue her steps, tear the prond tyrant down,
Nor let me wear if I abuse the crown)
Whilst she, (through every age in every land,
Written in gold, let Revolution stand)
Whilst she, secur'd in liberty and law,
Found what she sought, a saviour in Nassau.

BOOK III.

CAN the fond mother from herself depart¹?
Can she forget the darling of her heart,
The little darling whom she bore and bred,
Nurs'd on her knees, and at her bosom fed,
To whom she seem'd her every thought to give,
And in whose life alone she seem'd to live?
Yes, from herself the mother may depart,
She may forget the darling of her heart,
The little darling whom she bore and bred,
Nurs'd on her knees, and at her bosom fed,
To whom she seem'd her every thought to give,
And in whose life alone she seem'd to live;
But I cannot forget, whilst life remains,
And pours her current through these swelling veins,
Whilst Memory offers up at Reason's shrine;
But I cannot forget that Gotham's mine.

¹ See Isaiah, chap. xlix. v. 15.

Can the stern mother, than the brutes more wild,
From her disnatur'd breast tear her young child,
Flesh of her flesh, and of her bone the bone,
And dash the smiling babe against a stone?
Yes, the stern mother, than the brutes more wild,
From her disnatur'd breast may tear her child,
Flesh of her flesh, and of her bone the bone,
And dash the smiling babe against a stone ;
But I, (forbid it, Heaven !) but I can ne'er
The love of Gotham from this bosom tear ;
Can ne'er so far true royalty pervert
From its fair course, to do my people hurt.

With how much ease, with how much confidence,
As if, superior to each grosser sense,
Reason had only, in full power array'd,
To manifest her will, and be obey'd,
Men make resolves, and pass into decrees
The motions of the mind ; with how much ease,
In such resolves, doth passion make a flaw,
And bring to nothing what was rais'd to law?

In empire young, scarce warm on Gotham's throne,
The dangers and the sweets of power unknown,
Pleas'd, though I scarce know why, like some
young child,

Whose little senses each new toy turns wild,
How do I hold sweet dalliance with my crown, •
And wanton with dominion, how lay down,
Without the sanction of a precedent,
Rules of most large and absolute extent ;
Rules, which from sense of public virtue spring,
And all at once commence a patriot-king !

But, (for the day of trial is at hand,
And the whole fortunes of a mighty land

Are stak'd on me, and all their weal or woe
Must from my good or evil conduct flow;)
Will I, or can I, on a fair review,
As I assume that name, deserve it too !
Have I well weigh'd the great, the noble part
I'm now to play ? have I explor'd my heart,
'That labyrinth of fraud, that deep dark cell,
Where, unsuspected ev'n by me, may dwell
Ten thousand follies ? have I found out there
What I am fit to do, and what to bear ?
Have I trac'd every passion to its rise,
Nor spar'd one lurking seed of treacherous vice ?
Have I familiar with my nature grown ?
And am I fairly to myself made known ?

A patriot-king—why, 'tis a name which bears
The more immediate stamp of Heaven ; which wears
The nearest, best resemblance, we can show
Of God above, through all his works below.

To still the voice of discord in the land,
To make weak Faction's discontented band,
Detected, weak, and crumbling to decay,
With hunger pinch'd, on their own vitals prey ;
Like brethren, in the self-same interests warm'd,
Like different bodies with one soul inform'd ;
To make a nation, nobly rais'd above
All meaner thought, grow up in common love ;
To give the laws due vigour, and to hold
That secret balance, temperate, yet bold,
With such an equal hand, that those who fear
May yet approve, and own my justice clear ;
To be a common father, to secure
The weak from violence, from pride the poor ;
Vice and her sons to banish in disgrace,
To make Corruption dread to show her face ;

To bid afflicted Virtue take new state,
And be at last acquainted with the great;
Of all religions to elect the best,
Nor let her priests be made a standing jest;
Rewards for worth with liberal hand to carve,
To love the arts, nor let the artists starve;
To make fair plenty through the realm increase,
Give fame in war, and happiness in peace;
To see my people virtuous, great, and free,
And know that all those blessings flow from me;
Oh! 'tis a joy too exquisite, a thought
Which flatters Nature more than flattery ought;
'Tis a great, glorious task, for man too hard,
But no less great, less glorious, the reward;
The best reward which here to man is given,
'Tis more than earth, and little short of Heaven;
A task (if such comparison may be)
The same in nature, differing in degree,
Like that which God, on whom for aid I call,
Performs with ease, and yet performs to all.

How much do they mistake, how little know
Of kings, of kingdoms, and the pains which flow
From royalty; who fancy that a crown,
Because it glistens, must be lin'd with down!
With outside show, and vain appearance caught,
'They look no farther; and, by Folly taught,
Prize high the toys of thrones, but never find
One of the many cares which lurk behind.
The gem they worship which a crown adorns,
Nor once suspect that crown is lin'd with thorns.
Oh, might reflection folly's place supply!
Would we one moment use her piercing eye,
Then should we know what woe from grandeur
And learn to pity, not to envy kings. [springs,

The villager, born humbly and bred hard,
Content his wealth, and Poverty his guard,
In action simply just, in conscience clear,
By guilt untainted, undisturb'd by fear,
His means but scanty, and his wants but few,
Labour his business, and his pleasure too,
Enjoys more comforts in a single hour
Than ages give the wretch condemn'd to pow'r.

Call'd up by health, he rises with the day,
And goes to work, as if he went to play,
Whistling off toils, one half of which might make
The stoutest Atlas of a palace quake ;
'Gainst heat and cold, which make us cowards faint,
Harden'd by constant use, without complaint
He bears what we should think it death to bear :
Short are his meals, and homely is his fare ;
His thirst he slakes at some pure neighbouring brook,
Nor asks for sauce where Appetite stands cook.
When the dews fall, and when the sun retires
Behind the mountains, when the village fires,
Which, waken'd all at once, speak supper nigh,
At distance catch, and fix his longing eye,
Homeward he hies, and with his manly brood
Of raw-bon'd cubs enjoys that clean coarse food
Which, season'd with good humour, his fond bride
'Gainst his return is happy to provide ; [creeps
Then, free from care, and free from thought, he
Into his straw, and till the morning sleeps.

Not so the king—with anxious cares oppress'd,
His bosom labours, and admits not rest :
A glorious wretch ; he sweats beneath the weight
Of majesty, and gives up ease for state :
Ev'n when his smiles, which by the fools of pride
Are treasur'd and preserv'd from side to side,

Fly round the court, ev'n when compell'd by form,
He seems most calm, his soul is in a storm ;
Care, like a spectre, seen by him alone,
With all her nest of vipers, round his throne
By day crawls full in view ; when night bids sleep,
Sweet nurse of Nature, o'er the seasons creep ;
When Misery herself no more complains,
And slaves, if possible, forget their chains ; [dim,
Though his sense weakens, though his eyes grow
That rest, which comes to all, comes not to him.
Ev'n at that hour, Care, tyrant Care, forbids
The dew of sleep to fall upon his lids ;
From night to night she watches at his bed ;
Now, as one mop'd, sits brooding o'er his head ;
Anon she starts, and, borne on raven's wings,
Croaks forth aloud—' Sleep was not made for kings.'

'Thrice hath the moon, who governs this vast ball,
Who rules most absolute o'er me and all ;
To whom, by full conviction, taught to bow,
At new, at full, I pay the duteous vow ;
'Thrice hath the moon her wonted course pursu'd,
'Thrice hath she lost her form, and thrice renew'd,
Since, (blessed be that season, for before
I was a mere, mere mortal, and no more ;
One of the herd, a lump of common clay,
Inform'd with life, to die and pass away)
Since I became a king, and Gotham's throne,
With full and ample power, became my own ;
'Thrice hath the moon her wonted course pursued,
'Thrice hath she lost her form, and thrice renew'd,
Since sleep, kind sleep ! who like a friend supplies
New vigour for new toil, hath clos'd these eyes :
Nor, if my toils are answer'd with success,
And I am made an instrument to bless

The people whom I love, shall I repine ;
Theirs be the benefit, the labour mine.

Mindful of that high rank in which I stand,
Of millions lord, sole ruler in the land,
Let me, and Reason shall her aid afford,
Rule my own spirit, of myself be lord.
With an ill grace that monarch wears his crown
Who, stern and hard of nature, wears a frown
'Gainst faults in other men, yet all the while
Meets his own vices with a partial smile.
How can a king (yet on record we find
Such kings have been, such curses of mankind)
Enforce that law 'gainst some poor subject elf
Which Conscience tells him he hath broke himself?
Can he some petty rogue to justice call
For robbing one, when he himself robs all?
Must not, unless extinguish'd, conscience fly
Into his cheek, and blast his fading eye,
'To scourge the oppressor; when the state, distress'd
And sunk to ruin, is by him oppress'd?
Against himself doth he not sentence give ;
If one must die, t'other's not fit to live.

Weak is that throne, and in itself unsound,
Which takes not solid virtue for its ground.
All envy power in others, and complain
Of that which they would perish to obtain.
Nor can those spirits, turbulent and bold,
Not to be aw'd by threats, nor bought with gold,
Be hush'd to peace, but when fair legal sway
Makes it their real interest to obey,
When kings, and none but fools can then rebel,
Not less in virtue, than in power, excel.

Be that my object, that my constant care,
And may my soul's best wishes centre there;

Be it my task to seek, nor seek in vain,
Not only how to live, but how to reign,
And to those virtues which from reason spring,
And grace the man, join those which grace the king.

First, (for strict duty bids my care extend
And reach to all, who on that care depend,
Bids me with servants keep a steady hand,
And watch o'er all my proxies in the land)
First, (and that method reason shall support)
Before I look into and purge my court,
Before I cleanse the stable of the state,
Let me fix things which to myself relate :
That done, and all accounts well settled here,
In resolution firm, in honour clear,
'Tremble, ye slaves! who dare abuse your trust,
Who dare be villains when your king is just.

Are there, amongst those officers of state,
To whom our sacred power we delegate,
Who hold our place and office in the realm,
Who, in our name commission'd, guide the helm ;
Are there who, trusting to our love of ease,
Oppress our subjects, wrest our just decrees,
And make the laws, warp'd from their fair intent,
To speak a language which they never meant ;
Are there such men, and can the fools depend
On holding out in safety to their end ?
Can they so much, from thoughts of danger free,
Deceive themselves, so much misdeem of me,
To think that I will prove a statesman's tool,
And live a stranger where I ought to rule ?
What ! to myself and to my state unjust,
Shall I from ministers take things on trust,
And, sinking low the credit of my throne,
Depend upon dependents of my own ?

Shall I, most certain source of future cares,
Not use my judgment, but depend on theirs?
Shall I, true puppet-like, be mock'd with state,
Have nothing, but the name of being great;
Attend at councils which I must not weigh,
Do what they bid, and what they dictate, say,
Enrob'd, and hoisted up into my chair,
Only to be a royal cipher there?
Perish the thought—'tis treason to my throne—
And who but thinks it, could his thoughts be known,
Insults me more than he, who leagued with Hell,
Shall rise in arms, and 'gainst my crown rebel.

The wicked statesman, whose false heart pursues
A train of guilt; who acts with double views,
And wears a double face; whose base designs
Strike at his monarch's throne; who undermines
Ev'n whilst he seems his wishes to support;
Who seizes all departments; packs a court;
Maintains an agent on the judgment-seat
To screen his crimes, and make his frands complete:
New-models armies, and around the throne
Will suffer none but creatures of his own;
Conscious of such his baseness, well may try,
Against the light to shunt his master's eye,
To keep him coop'd, and far remov'd from those
Who, brave and honest, dare his crimes disclose,
Nor ever let him in one place appear,
Where truth, unwelcome truth, may wound his ear.

Attempts like these, well weigh'd, themselves
proclaim,
And, whilst they publish, balk their author's aim.
Kings must be blind into such snares to run,
Or, worse, with open eyes must be undone.

The minister of honesty and worth
Demands the day to bring his actions forth ;
Calls on the sun to shine with fiercer rays,
And braves that trial which must end in praise.
None fly the day and seek the shades of night,
But those whose actions cannot bear the light ;
None wish their king in ignorance to hold,
But those who feel that knowledge must unfold
Their hidden guilt ; and, that dark mist dispell'd
By which their places and their lives are held,
Confusion wait them, and, by justice led,
In vengeance fall on every traitor's head.

Aware of this, and caution'd 'gainst the pit
Where kings have oft been lost, shall I submit,
And rust in chains like these ? shall I give way,
And whilst my helpless subjects fall a prey
To power abus'd, in ignorance sit down,
Nor dare assert the honour of my crown ?
When stern rebellion, (if that odious name
Justly belongs to those whose only aim
Is to preserve their country ; who oppose,
In honour leagued, none but their country's foes ;
Who only seek their own, and found their cause
In due regard for violated laws)
When stern rebellion, who no longer feels
Nor fears rebuke, a nation at her heels,
A nation up in arms, though strong not proud,
Knocks at the palace-gate, and, calling loud
For due redress, presents, from truth's fair pen,
A list of wrongs, not to be borne by men :
How must that king be humbled, how disgrace
All that is royal in his name and place,
Who, thus call'd forth to answer, can advance
No other plea but that of ignorance !

A vile defence, which, was his all at stake,
The meanest subject well might blush to make ;
A filthy source, from whence shame ever springs ;
A stain to all, but most a stain to kings.
The soul, with great and manly feelings warm'd,
Panting for knowledge, rests not till inform'd ;
And shall not I, fir'd with the glorious zeal,
Feel those brave passions which my subjects feel?
Or can a just excuse from ignorance flow
To me, whose first great duty is—to know ?

Hence, Ignorance !—thy settled, dull, blank eye,
Would hurt me, though I knew no reason why—
Hence, Ignorance !—thy slavish shackles bind
The free-born soul, and lethargise the mind—
Of thee, begot by Pride, who look'd with scorn
On every meaner match, of thee was born
That grave inflexibility of soul
Which Reason can't convince, nor fear control ;
Which neither arguments, nor prayers can reach,
And nothing less than utter ruin teach—
Hence, Ignorance !—hence to that depth of night
Where thou wast born, where not one gleam of light
May wound thine eye—hence to some dreary cell
Where monks with Superstition love to dwell ;
Or in some college soothe thy lazy pride,
And with the heads of colleges reside ;
Fit mate for Royalty thou canst not be,
And if no mate for kings, no mate for me.

Come, Study ! like a torrent swell'd with rains,
Which, rushing down the mountains, o'er the plains
Spreads horror wide, and yet, in horror kind,
Leaves seeds of future fruitfulness behind ;
Come, Study !—painful though thy course, and slow,
Thy real worth by thy effects we know—

Parent of Knowledge, come—not thee I call
Who, grave and dull, in college or in hall
Dost sit, all solemn sad, and moping, weigh
Things which, when found, thy labours can't repay—
Nor in one hand, fit emblem of thy trade,
A rod ; in t'other, gaudily array'd,
A hornbook, gilt and letter'd, call I thee,
Who dost in form preside o'er A, B, C—
Nor (siren though thou art, and thy strange charms,
As 'twere by magic, lure men to thine arms)
Do I call thee, who, through a winding maze,
A labyrinth of puzzling pleasing ways,
Dost lead us at the last to those rich plains
Where, in full glory, real Science reigns ;
Fair though thou art, and lovely to mine eye,
Though full rewards in thy possession lie
To crown man's wish, and do thy favourites grace,
Though (was I station'd in an humbler place)
I could be ever happy in thy sight,
Toil with thee all the day, and through the night,
Toil on from watch to watch, bidding my eye,
Fast rivetted on science, sleep defy,
Yet (such the hardships which from empire flow)
Must I thy sweet society forego,
And to some happy rival's arms resign
Those charms which can, alas ! no more be mine.

No more from hour to hour, from day to day,
Shall I pursue thy steps, and urge my way
Where eager love of science calls ; no more
Attempt those paths which men ne'er trod before ;
No more the mountain scal'd, the desert cross'd,
Losing myself, not knowing I was lost, [night,
Travel through woods, through wilds, from morn to
From night to morn, yet travel with delight,

And having found thee, lay me down content,
Own all my toil well paid, my time well spent.

Farewell, ye Muses too,—for such mean things
Must not presume to dwell with mighty kings—
Farewell, ye Muses!—though it cuts my heart
Ev'n to the quick, we must for ever part.

When the fresh morn bade lusty Nature wake ;
When the birds, sweetly twittering through the
 brake,
Tune their soft pipes ; when from the neighbouring
 bloom,

Sipping the dew, each zephyr stole perfume ;
When all things with new vigour were inspir'd,
And seem'd to say they never could be tir'd,
How often have we stray'd, whilst sportive rhyme
Deceiv'd the way, and clip'd the wings of Time,
O'er hill, o'er dale, how often laugh'd to see,
Yourselves made visible to none but me,
The clown, his works suspended, gape and stare,
And seem'd to think that I convers'd with air.

When the sun, beating on the parched soil,
Seem'd to proclaim an interval of toil ;
When a faint languor crept through every breast,
And things most us'd to labour, wish'd for rest,
How often, underneath a reverend oak,
Where safe, and fearless of the impious stroke,
Some sacred Dryad liv'd : or in some grove
Where, with capricious fingers, Fancy wove
Her fairy bower, whilst Nature all the while
Look'd on, and view'd her mockeries with a smile,
Have we held converse sweet ! how often laid,
Fast by the Thames, in Ham's inspiring shade,
Amongst those poets which make up your train,
And, after death, pour forth the sacred strain,

Have I, at your command, in verse grown gray,
But not impair'd, heard Dryden tune that lay
Which might have drawn an angel from his sphere,
And kept him from his office listening here¹.

When dreary Night, with Morpheus in her train,
Led on by Silence to resume her reign,
With darkness covering, as with a robe,
The scene of levity, blank'd half the globe,
How oft, enchanted with your heavenly strains,
Which stole me from myself, which in soft chains
Of music bound my soul; how oft have I,
Sounds more than human floating through the sky,
Attentive sat, whilst Night, against her will,
Transported with the harmony, stood still!
How oft in raptures, which man scarce could bear,
Have I, when gone, still thought the Muses there,
Still heard their music, and, as mute as death,
Sat all attention, drew in every breath,
Lest, breathing all too rudely, I should wound
And mar that magic excellence of sound;
Then, (Sense returning with return of day)
Have chid the night, which fled so fast away.

Such my pursuits, and such my joys of yore,
Such were my mates, but now my mates no more.
Plac'd out of Envy's walk, (for Envy, sure,
Would never haunt the cottage of the poor,
Would never stoop to wound my homespun lays)
With some few friends, and some small share of
Beneath oppression, undisturb'd by strife, [praise,
In peace I trod the humble vale of life.

¹ The two following lines were intended to close this sentence, but Churchill did not think proper to print them:

Whilst Pope, with envy stung, inflam'd with pride,
Pip'd to the vacant air on t'other side.

Farewell these scenes of ease, this tranquil state ;
Welcome the troubles which on empire wait :
Light toys from this day forth I disavow ;
They pleas'd me once, but cannot suit me now ;
To common men all common things are free,
What honours them might fix disgrace on me.
Call'd to a throne, and o'er a mighty land
Ordain'd to rule, my head, my heart, my hand,
Are all engross'd ; each private view withstood,
And task'd to labour for the public good :
Be this my study ; to this one great end
May every thought, may every action, tend.

Let me the page of history turn o'er,
The' instructive page, and heedfully explore
What faithful pens of former times have wrote
Of former kings ; what they did worthy note,
What worthy blame ; and from the sacred tomb
Where righteous monarchs sleep, where laurels
Unhurt by time, let me a garland twine [bloom
Which, robbing not their fame, may add to mine.

Nor let me with a vain and idle eye
Glance o'er those scenes, and in a hurry fly
Quick as a post which travels day and night ;
Nor let me dwell there, lur'd by false delight ;
And, into barren theory betray'd,
Forget that monarchs are for action made.
When amorous Spring, repairing all his charms,
Calls Nature forth from hoary Winter's arms,
Where, like a virgin to some lecher sold,
Three wretched months she lay benumb'd, and cold ;
When the weak flower, which, shrinking from the
breath
Of the rude North, and timorous of death,

From those whom Time, at the desire of Fame,
Hath spar'd, let Virtue catch an equal flame :
From those who, not in mercy, but in rage,
Time hath repriev'd to damn from age to age,
Let me take warning, lesson'd to distil,
And, imitating Heaven, draw good from ill :
Nor let these great researches in my breast
A monument of useless labour rest ;
No—let them spread—the' effects let Gotham share,
And reap the harvest of their monarch's care :
Be other times, and other countries known,
Only to give fresh blessings to my own.

Let me, (and may that God to whom I fly,
On whom for needful succour I rely
In this great hour, that glorious God of truth,
Through whom I reign, in mercy to my youth,
Assist my weakness, and direct me right ;
From every speck which hangs upon the sight
Purge my mind's eye, nor let one cloud remain
(To spread the shades of error o'er my brain,)
Let me, impartial, with unwearied thought,
Try men and things : let me, as monarchs ought,
Examine well on what my power depends ;
What are the general principles, and ends
Of government ; how empire first began ;
And wherefore man was rais'd to reign o'er man.

Let me consider ; as from one great source
We see a thousand rivers take their course,
Dispers'd, and into different channels led,
Yet by their parent still supplied and fed,
That government, (though branch'd out far and wide,
In various modes to various lands applied)
Howe'er it differs in its outward frame,
In the main groundwork's every where the same ;

The same her view, though different her plan,
Her grand and general view—the good of man.

Let me find out, by reason's sacred beams,
What system in itself most perfect seems,
Most worthy man, most likely to conduce
To all the purposes of general use :
Let me find, too, where, by fair reason tried,
It fails, when to particulars applied ;
Why in that mode all nations do not join,
And, chiefly, why it cannot suit with mine.

Let me the gradual rise of empires trace,
Till they seem founded on perfection's base ;
Then (for when human things have made their way
To excellence, they hasten to decay)

Let me, whilst observation lends her clue,
Step by step to their quick decline pursue,
Enabled by a chain of facts to tell
Not only how they rose, but how they fell.

Let me not only the distempers know
Which in all states from common causes grow,
But likewise those, which, by the will of fate,
On each peculiar mode of empire wait ;
Which in its very constitution lurk,
Too sure at last, to do its destin'd work :
Let me, forewarn'd, each sign, each system learn,
That I my people's danger may discern,
Ere 'tis too late wish'd health to re-assure,
And, if it can be found, find out a cure.

Let me, (though great, grave brethren of the gown
Preach all faith up, and preach all reason down,
Making those jar, whom reason meant to join,
And vesting in themselves a right divine)
Let me, through reason's glass, with searching eye,
Into the depth of that religion pry

Which law hath sanction'd : let me find out there ,
What's form, what's essence ; what, like vagrant air,
We well may change ; and what, without a crime,
Cannot be chang'd to the last hour of time ;
Nor let me suffer that outrageous zeal
Which, without knowledge, furions bigots feel,
Fair in pretence, though at the heart unsound,
These separate points at random to confound.

'The times have been, when priests have dar'd to
tread,

Proud and insulting, on their monarch's head ;
When, whilst they made religion a pretence,
Out of the world they banish'd common-sense ;
When some soft king, too open to deceit,
Easy and unsuspecting, join'd the cheat,
Dup'd by mock piety, and gave his name
To serve the vilest purposes of shame.

Fear not, my people, where no cause of fear
Can justly rise—your king secures you here ;
Your king, who scorns the haughty prelate's nod,
Nor deems the voice of priests the voice of God.

Let me, (though lawyers may perhaps forbid
Their monarch to behold what they wish hid,
And for the purposes of knavish gain,
Would have their trade a mystery remain)
Let me, disdaining all such slavish awe,
Dive to the very bottom of the law ;
Let me (the weak dead letter left behind)
Search out the principles, the spirit find,
Till, from the parts, made master of the whole,
I see the Constitution's very soul.

Let me, (though statesmen will no doubt resist,
And to my eyes present a fearful list

Of men, whose wills are opposite to mine,
Of men, great men, determin'd to resign)
Let me, (with firmness, which becomes a king,
Conscious from what a source my actions spring,
Determin'd not by worlds to be withstood,
When my grand object is my country's good)
Unravel all low ministerial scenes,
Destroy their jobs, lay bare their ways and means,
And trap them step by step ; let me well know
How places, pensions, and preferments, go ;
Why Guilt's provided for, when Worth is not,
And why one man of merit is forgot ;
Let me in peace, in war, supreme preside,
And dare to know my way without a guide.

Let me, (though Dignity, by nature proud,
Retires from view, and swells behind a cloud,
As if the sun shone with less powerful ray,
Less grace, less glory, shining every day,
Though when she comes forth into public sight,
Unbending as a ghost, she stalks upright,
With such an air as we have often seen,
And often laugh'd at, in a tragic queen,
Nor, at her presence, though base myriads crook
The supple knee, vouchsafes a single look)
Let me, (all vain parade, all empty pride,
All terrors of dominion laid aside,
All ornament, and needless helps of art,
All those big looks, which speak a little heart)
Know (which few kings, alas ! have ever known)
How affability becomes a throne,
Destroys all fear, bids love with reverence live,
And gives those graces, pride can never give.
Let the stern tyrant keep a distant state,
And, hating all men, fear return of hate,

Conscious of guilt, retreat behind his throne,
Secure from all upbraidings but his own :
Let all my subjects have access to me,
Be my ears open as my heart is free ;
In full fair tide, let information flow ;
That evil is half-cur'd, whose cause we know.

And thou, where'er thou art, thou wretched thing,
Who art afraid to look up to a king,
Lay by thy fears—make but thy grievance plain,
And, if I not redress thee, may my reign
Close up that very moment.—To prevent
The course of Justice from her fair intent,
In vain my nearest dearest friend shall plead,
In vain my mother kneel—my soul may bleed,
But must not change—when Justice draws the dart,
Though it is doom'd to pierce a favourite's heart,
'Tis mine to give it force, to give it aim—
I know it duty, and I feel it fame,

THE
PROPHECY OF FAMINE¹:

A SCOTS PASTORAL.

INSCRIBED TO JOHN WILKES, ESQ.

—
Nos patriam fugimus.

VIRGIL.
—

WHEN Cupid first instructs his darts to fly
From the sly corner of some cook-maid's eye,
The stripling raw, just enter'd in his teens,
Receives the wound, and wonders what it means ;
His heart, like dripping, melts, and new desire
Within him stirs, each time she stirs the fire ;
Trembling and blushing he the fair one views,
And fain would speak, but can't—without a Muse.

So to the sacred mount he takes his way,
Prunes his young wings, and tunes his infant lay,

¹ Mr. Wilkes pronounced of this poem before its appearance in Jan. 1763, 'that he was sure it would take, as it was at once personal, poetical, and political:' his prediction was accomplished. The *Prophecy of Famine* almost exceeded the *Rosciad* in popularity, and in extent of circulation.

His oaten reed to rural ditties frames,
To flocks and rocks, to hills and rills, proclaims,
In simplest notes, and all unpolish'd strains,
The loves of nymphs, and eke the loves of swains.

Clad, as your nymphs were always clad of yore,
In rustic weeds—a cook-maid now no more—
Beneath an aged oak Lardella lies—
Green moss her couch; her canopy the skies.
From aromatic shrubs the roguish gale [vale.
Steals young perfumes, and wafts them through the
The youth, turn'd swain, and skill'd in rustic lays,
Fast by her side his amorous descant plays.
Herds low, flocks bleat, pies chatter, ravens scream,
And the full chorus dies a-down the stream.
The streams, with music freighted, as they pass
Present the fair Lardella with a glass,
And Zephyr, to complete the love-sick plan,
Waves his light wings, and serves her for a fan.

But when maturer Judgment takes the lead,
These childish toys on Reason's altar bleed; [awe,
Form'd after some great man, whose name breeds
Whose every sentence Fashion makes a law;
Who on mere credit his vain trophies rears,
And founds his merit on our servile fears;
Then we discard the workings of the heart,
And nature's banish'd by mechanic art;
Then, deeply read, our reading must be shown;
Vain is that knowledge which remains unknown;
Then Ostentation marches to our aid,
And letter'd Pride stalks forth in full parade;
Beneath their care behold the work refine,
Pointed each sentence, polish'd every line:
Trifles are dignified, and taught to wear
The robes of ancients with a modern air;

Nonsense with classic ornaments is grac'd,
And passes current with the stamp of taste.

Then the rude Theocrite is ransack'd o'er,
And courtly Maro call'd from Mincio's shore ;
Sicilian Muses on our mountains roam,
Easy and free as if they were at home ;
Nymphs, Naiads, Nereids, Dryads, Satyrs, Fauns,
Sport in our floods, and trip it o'er our lawns ;
Flowers which once flourish'd fair in Greece and
Rome,

More fair revive in England's meads to bloom ;
Skies without cloud exotic suns adorn,
And roses blush, but blush without a thorn ;
Landscapes unknown to dowdy Nature rise,
And new creations strike our wond'ring eyes.

For bards like these, who neither sing nor say,
Grave without thought, and without feeling gay,
Whose numbers in one even tenor flow,
Attun'd to pleasure, and attun'd to woe ;
Who, if plain Common-sense her visit pays,
And mars one couplet in their happy lays,
As at some ghost affrighted, start and stare,
And ask the meaning of her coming there ;
For bards like these a wreath shall Mason² bring,
Lin'd with the softest down of Folly's wing ;

² William Mason, author of *Elfrida*, *Caractacus*, an *Elegy on the Death of the Countess of Coventry*, and some other pieces of inferior merit, was the intimate friend and executor of Gray, whose life he wrote and prefixed to an edition of his works. Mr. Mason, through the patronage of the Holderness family, obtained considerable church preferment, and died Precentor of York, April 5, 1797, aged 71. There is a want of nerve in all his productions, which will ever prevent his attaining a station in English poetry much above mediocrity.

In Love's pagoda shall they ever doze,
 And Gisbal³ kindly rock them to repose ;
 My Lord — to letters as to faith most true—
 At once their patron and example too—
 Shall quaintly fashion his love-labour'd dreams,
 Sigh with sad winds, and weep with weeping
 streams⁴ ;

Curious in grief, (for real grief, we know,
 Is curious to dress up the tale of woe)
 From the green umbrage of some Druid's seat
 Shall his own works in his own way repeat.

Me, whom no Muse of heavenly birth inspires,
 No judgment tempers when rash genins fires ;
 Who boast no merit but mere knack of rhyme,
 Short gleams of sense, and satire out of time :
 Who cannot follow where trim fancy leads
 By prattling streams o'er flower-empurpled meads ;
 Who often, but without success, have pray'd
 For apt Alliteration's artful aid⁵ ;

³ Gisbal, an Hyperborean tale, said to be translated from the fragments of Ossian, the son of Fingal. The stupidity of this piece can only be equalled by its scurrility.

⁴ A harsh censure on Lord Lyttelton's *Monody on his Wife* ; which, though like all his productions, highly labour-ed, contains many beauties.

⁵ Mason's poetry abounds with instances of a ridiculous fondness for alliteration.

Those who admire Vrgil's

— *Validas in viscera vertite vires*

must be pleased with the following specimens:—

' And vainly vent'rous soar on waxen wing,—
 Chased by a charm still lovelier than the last,—
 And wean her from a world she loved so well—
 This let me learn, and learning let me live ;'

With many other instances: such as, bolsterous breath, wayward world, lovely lawn, soft serenity, liquid lustre, &c,

Who would, but cannot, with a master's skill,
Coin fine new epithets, which mean no ill:
Me, thus uncouth, thus every way unfit
For pacing poesy, and ambling wit,
Taste with contempt beholds, nor deigns to place
Amongst the lowest of her favour'd race.

Thou, Nature, art my goddess—to thy law
Myself I dedicate—hence, slavish awe,
Which bends to fashion, and obeys the rules
Impos'd at first, and since observ'd by fools;
Hence those vile tricks which mar fair Nature's hue,
And bring the sober matron forth to view,
With all that artificial tawdry glare
Which virtue scorns, and none but strumpet's wear.
Sick of those pomps, those vanities, that waste
Of toil, which critics now mistake for taste,
Of false refinements sick, and labour'd ease,
Which art, too thinly veil'd, forbids to please
By Nature's charms (inglorious truth!) subdued,
However plain her dress, and 'baviour rude,
'To northern climes my happier course I steer,
Climes where the goddess reigns throughout the year;
Where, undisturb'd by Art's rebellious plan,
She rules the loyal laird, and faithful clan.

To that rare soil, where virtues clustering grow,
What mighty blessings doth not England owe!
What waggon-loads of courage, wealth, and sense,
Doth each revolving day import from thence?
To us she gives, disinterested friend!
Faith without fraud, and Stuarts without end.
When we prosperity's rich trappings wear,
Come not her generous sons and take a share?
And if, by some disastrous turn of fate,
Change should ensue, and ruin seize the state,

Shall we not find, safe in that hallow'd ground,
Such refuge as the holy martyr ⁶ found ?

Nor less our debt in science, though denied
By the weak slaves of prejudice and pride.
Thence came the Ramsays ⁷, names of worthy note,
Of whom one paints, as well as t'other wrote :
Thence, Home ⁸, disbanded from the sons of pray'r
For loving plays, though no dull dean ⁹ was there ;
Thence issued forth, at great Macpherson's ¹⁰ call,
'That old, new, epic pastoral, Fingal ;

⁶ Charles I.

⁷ Allan Ramsay, is much and deservedly esteemed for his pastoral drama of 'The Gentle Shepherd.' His son was a portrait-painter of some repute; and author of several tracts on various branches of polite literature.

⁸ John Home, the author of Douglas, and of several other tragedies. He was bred to the Ministry of the Kirk of Scotland ; but for writing plays and frequenting theatres, was anathematised by the Synod, and secluded from the ministry.

⁹ Dr. Zachary Pearce, Bishop of Rochester and Dean of Westminster, when the name of Churchill appeared to the second edition of the Rosciad, reprimanded him for writing on a subject so totally inconsistent with his profession.

¹⁰ James Macpherson, Esq. author of Fingal, Temora, and other epic poems, alleged to be translated from the Erse. These fragments, which were declared to be genuine remains of ancient Scottish poetry, at their first appearance delighted many readers ; and some good judges, amongst the rest Mr. Gray and Dr. Blair, were extremely warm in their praises. As other specimens were said to be recoverable, a subscription was set on foot to enable Mr. Macpherson to quit the family he was then in, and undertake a mission into the Highlands, to secure them. He engaged in the undertaking, and soon after produced the works whose authenticity has since occasioned so much controversy, but which now seem generally admitted to be the productions of Mr. Macpherson himself. Dr. Johnson had the merit of being among the first to expose the forgery.

Thence Malloch ¹¹, friend alike to church and state,
 Of Christ and Liberty, by grateful Fate
 Rais'd to rewards, which in a pious reign,
 All daring infidels should seek in vain;
 Thence simple bards, by simple prudence taught,
 To this wise town by simple patrons brought,
 In simple manner utter simple lays,
 And take, with simple pensions, simple praise.

Waft me, some Muse, to Tweed's inspiring stream,
 Where all the little Loves and Graces dream;
 Where, slowly winding, the dull waters creep,
 And seem themselves to own the power of sleep;
 Where on the surface lead, like feathers, swims;
 There let me bathe my yet unhallow'd limbs,
 As once a Syrian ¹² bath'd in Jordan's flood,
 Wash off my native stains, correct that blood
 Which mutinies at call of English pride,
 And, deaf to prudence, rolls a patriot tide.

From solemn thought which overhangs the brow
 Of patriot care, when things are—God knows how;
 From nice trim points, where Honour, slave to rule,
 In compliment to folly, plays the fool;
 From those gay scenes, where mirth exalts his pow'r,
 And easy Humour wings the laughing hour;
 From those soft better moments, when desire
 Beats high, and all the world of man's on fire;
 When mutual ardours of the melting fair
 More than repay us for whole years of care,

¹¹ David Mallet first wrote himself Malloch. His real name is said to have been Macgregor. Dr. Johnson remarked of him that he was the only Scot whom Scotsmen did not commend.

¹² Naaman. See the 2d book of Kings, ch. v.

At Friendship's summons will my Wilkes retreat,
And see, once seen before, that ancient seat,
That ancient seat, where majesty display'd
Her ensigns, long before the world was made !

Mean narrow maxims, which enslave mankind,
Ne'er from its bias warp thy settled mind :
Not dup'd by party, nor opinion's slave,
Those faculties which bounteous Nature gave
Thy honest spirit into practice brings,
Nor courts the smile, nor dreads the frown of kings ;
Let rude licentious Englishmen comply
With tumult's voice, and curse they know not why ;
Unwilling to condemn, thy soul disdains
To wear vile faction's arbitrary chains,
And strictly weighs, in apprehension clear,
Things as they are, and not as they appear.
With thee good-humour tempers lively wit,
Enthron'd with judgment, candour loves to sit,
And Nature gave thee, open to distress,
A heart to pity, and a hand to bless.

Oft have I heard thee mourn the wretched lot
Of the poor, mean, despis'd, insulted Scot,
Who, might calm reason credit idle tales,
By rancour forg'd where prejudice prevails,
Or starves at home, or practises, through fear
Of starving, arts which damn all conscience here.
When scribblers, to the charge by interest led,
The fierce North Briton foaming at their head,
Pour forth invectives, deaf to candour's call,
And, injur'd by one alien, rail at all :
On northern Pisgah when they take their stand,
To mark the weakness of that Holy Land ¹³,

¹³ In the 13th number of the North Briton, appeared
' Howell's perfect Description of the People and Country of
Scotland, written in 1649 ; ' a tissue of disgusting exaggera-
tions.

With needless truths their libels to adorn,
And hang a nation up to public scorn,
Thy generous soul condemns the frantic rage,
And hates the faithful, but ill-natur'd page.

‘The Scots are poor,’ cries surly English pride ;
True is the charge, nor by themselves denied.
Are they not then in strictest reason clear,
Who wisely come to mend their fortunes here ?
If, by low supple arts successful grown,
They sap’d our vigour to increase their own ;
If, mean in want and insolent in power,
They only fawn’d more surely to devour,
Rous’d by such wrongs should Reason take alarm,
And ev’n the Muse for public safety arm ?
But if they own ingenuous virtue’s sway,
And follow where true honour points the way ;
If they revere the hand by which they’re fed,
And bless the donors for their daily bread ;
Or, by vast debts of higher import bound,
Are always humble, always grateful found :
If they, directed by Paul’s holy pen,
Become discreetly ‘all things to all men,’
That all men may become all things to them ;
Envy may hate, but justice can’t condemn.
‘Into our places, states, and beds, they creep :’
They’ve sense to get, what we want sense to
keep.

Once, be the hour accurs’d, accurs’d the place,
I ventur’d to blaspheme the chosen race—
Into those traps, which men call’d Patriots, laid,
By specious arts unwarily betray’d,
Madly I leagu’d against that sacred earth,
Vile parricide ! which gave a parent birth :
But shall I meanly error’s path pursue,
When heavenly Truth presents her friendly clue

Once plung'd in ill, shall I go farther in?
 To make the oath, was rash : to keep it, sin.
 Backward I tread the paths I trod before,
 And calm reflection hates what passion swore.
 Converted, (blessed are the souls which know
 Those pleasures which from true conversion flow,
 Whether to reason, who now rules my breast,
 Or to pure faith, like Lyttelton and West ¹⁴)
 Past crimes to expiate, be my present aim
 To raise new trophies to the Scottish name ;
 To make (what can the proudest Muse do more?)
 Ev'n faction's sons her brighter worth adore ;
 To make her glories, stamp'd with honest rhymes,
 In fullest tide roll down to latest times. [thine,
 ' Presumptuous wretch ! and shall a Muse like
 An English Muse, the meanest of the nine,
 Attempt a theme like this ? Can her weak strain
 Expect indulgence from the mighty Thane ?
 Should he from toils of government retire,
 And for a moment fan the poet's fire :
 Should he, of sciences the moral friend,
 Each curious, each important search suspend,
 Leave unassisted Hill ¹⁵ of herbs to tell,
 And all the wonders of a cockleshell,
 Having the Lord's good grace before his eyes,
 Would not the Home step forth and gain the prize ?
 Or if this wreath of honour might adorn
 The humble brows of one in England born,
 Presumptuous still thy daring must appear ;
 Vain all thy towering hopes whilst I am here.'

¹⁴ George Lord Lyttelton, author of a Dissertation on the Conversion of St. Paul : and Gilbert West, author of Observations on the Resurrection.

¹⁵ Dr. Hill. See the Rosciad.

Thus spake a form, by silken smile and tone
Dull and unvaried, for the Laureat ¹⁶ known,
Folly's chief friend, Decorum's eldest son,
In every party found, and yet of none,
This airy substance, this substantial shade,
Abash'd I heard, and with respect obey'd.

From themes too lofty for a bard so mean,
Discretion beckons to an humbler scene ;
The restless fever of ambition laid,
Calm I retire, and seek the silvan shade.
Now be the Muse disrob'd of all her pride,
Be all the glare of verse by truth supplied,
And if plain nature pours a simple strain,
Which Bute may praise, and Ossian not disdain,
(Ossian, sublimest, simplest bard of all,
Whom English infidels Macpherson call,)
Then round my head shall Honour's ensigns wave,
And pensions mark me for a willing slave.

Two boys, whose birth beyond all question springs
From great and glorious, though forgotten kings,
Shepherds of Scottish lineage, born and bred
On the same bleak and barren mountain's head ;
By niggard Nature doom'd on the same rocks
To spin out life, and starve themselves and flocks ;
Fresh as the morning, which enrob'd in mist,
The mountain's top with usual dulness kiss'd,
Jockey and Sawney to their labours rose ;
Soon clad I ween, where Nature needs no clothes ;
Where from their youth enur'd to winter-skies,
Dress and her vain refinements they despise.

⁵¹ William Whitehead, the Laureat, died in 1785; and was succeeded in his chair by Mr. Warton.

Jockey, whose manly high-bon'd cheeks to crown,
With freckles spotted flam'd the golden down,
With meikle art could on the bag-pipes play,
Ev'n from the rising to the setting day :
Sawney as long without remorse could bawl
Home's madrigals, and ditties from Fingal :
Oft at his strains, all natural though rude,
The Highland lass forgot her want of food,
And, whilst she scratch'd her lover into rest,
Sunk pleas'd, though hungry, on her Sawney's breast.

Far as the eye could reach, no tree was seen,
Earth, clad in russet, scorn'd the lively green :
The plague of locusts they secure defy,
For in three hours a grasshopper must die :
No living thing, whate'er its food, feasts there,
But the cameleon, who can feast on air.
No birds, except as birds of passage, flew ;
No bee was known to hum, no dove to coo :
No streams, as amber smooth, as amber clear,
Were seen to glide, or heard to warble here :
Rebellion's spring, which through the country ran,
Furnish'd, with bitter draughts, the steady clan :
No flowers embalm'd the air, but one white rose¹⁷,
Which on the tenth of June by instinct blows ;
By instinct blows at morn, and, when the shades
Of drizly eve prevail, by instinct fades.

One, and but one poor solitary cave,
Too sparing of her favours, Nature gave ;
That one alone (hard tax on Scottish pride !)
Shelter at once for man and beast supplied.

¹⁷ The white rose, the emblem of the Jacobites, was worn by them on the 10th of June, in honour of the Pretender's birth-day.

There snares without entangling briars spread,
 And thistles arm'd against the invader's head,
 Stood in close ranks, all entrance to oppose ;
 Thistles now held more precious than the rose.
 All creatures which, on Nature's earliest plan,
 Were form'd to loath, and to be loath'd by man ;
 Which owed their birth to nastiness and spite,
 Deadly to touch, and hateful to the sight ;
 Creatures, which when admitted in the ark
 Their Saviour shun'd, and rankled in the dark,
 Found place within : marking her noisome road
 With poison's trail, here crawl'd the bloated toad ;
 There webs were spread of more than common size,
 And half-starv'd spiders prey'd on half-starv'd flies :
 In quest of food efts strove in vain to crawl :
 Slugs, pinch'd with hunger, smear'd the slimy wall :
 The cave around with hissing serpents rung ;
 On the damp roof unhealthy vapour hung ;
 And Famine, by her children always known,
 As proud as poor, here fix'd her native throne.

Here, for the sullen sky was overcast,
 And summer shrunk beneath a wintry blast ;
 A native blast, which, arm'd with hail and rain,
 Beat unrelenting on the naked swain,
 The boys for shelter made ; behind, the sheep,
 Of which those shepherds every day *take keep*,
 Sickly crept on, and with complainings rude,
 On Nature seem'd to call, and bleat for food.

JOCKEY.

' *Sith* to this cave, by tempest, we're confin'd,
 And within *ken* our flocks, under the wind,
 Safe from the pelting of this perilous storm,
 Are laid *among* yon thistles, dry and warm,

What, Sawney, if by shepherds' art we try
To mock the rigour of this cruel sky?
What if we tune some merry roundelay?
Well dost thou sing, nor ill doth Jockey play.'

SAWNEY.

' Ah! Jockey, ill advisest thou, *I wis*,
To think of songs at such a time as this:
Sooner shall herbage crown these barren rocks,
Sooner shall fleeces clothe these ragged flocks,
Sooner shall want seize shepherds of the south,
And we forget to live from hand to mouth,
Than Sawney, out of season, shall impart
The songs of gladness with an aching heart.'

JOCKEY.

' Still have I known thee for a silly swain;
Of things past help what boots it to complain?
Nothing but mirth can conquer fortune's spite;
No sky is heavy if the heart be light:
Patience is sorrow's salve: what can't be cur'd,
(So Donald right areeds) must be endur'd.'

SAWNEY.

' Full silly swain, *I wot*, is Jockey now.
How didst thou bear thy Maggy's falsehood? how;
When with a foreign loon she stole away,
Didst thou forswear thy pipe and shepherd's lay?
Where was thy boasted wisdom then, when I
Applied those proverbs, which you now apply?'

JOCKEY.

' O she was *bonny*! all the Highlands round
Was there a rival to my Maggy found?

More precious (though that precious is to all)
Than the rare med'cine which we Brimstone call.
Or that choice plant ¹⁸, so grateful to the nose,
Which, in I know not what far country grows,
Was Maggy unto me : dear do I rue
A lass so fair should ever prove untrue.'

SAWNEY.

' Whether with pipe or song to charm the ear,
Through all the land did Jamie find a peer?
Curs'd be that year ¹⁹ by every honest Scot,
And in the shepherds' calendar forgot,
That fatal year when Jamie, hapless swain !
In evil hour forsook the peaceful plain :
Jamie, when our young laird discreetly fled,
Was seiz'd, and hang'd, till he was dead, dead, dead.'

JOCKEY.

' Full sorely may we all lament that day,
For all were losers in the deadly fray,
Five brothers had I, on the Scottish plains,
Well dost thou know were none more hopeful swains ;
Five brothers there I lost, in manhood's pride,
Two in the field, and three on gibbets died :
Ah ! silly swains ! to follow war's alarms ;
Ah ! what hath shepherds' life to do with arms ?'

SAWNEY.

' Mention it not—there saw I strangers clad
In all the honours of our ravish'd plaid ;

¹⁸ Tobacco.

¹⁹ The year 1745; memorable for the rebellion in Scotland.

Saw the Ferrara, too, our nation's pride,
Unwilling grace the awkward victor's side.
There fell our choicest youth, and from that day
Mote never Sawney tune the merry lay ; [survive,
Bless'd those which fell! curs'd those which still
To mourn Fifteen renew'd in Forty-five.'

Thus plain'd the boys, when from her throne of
turf,
With boils emboss'd, and overgrown with scurf,
Vile humours, which, in life's corrupted well
Mix'd at the birth, not abstinence could quell,
Pale Famine rear'd the head ; her eager eyes,
Where hunger ev'n to madness seem'd to rise,
Speaking aloud her throes and pangs of heart,
Strain'd to get loose, and from their orbs to start :
Her hollow cheeks were each a deep-sunk cell,
Where wretchedness and horror lov'd to dwell :
With double rows of useless teeth supplied,
Her mouth, from ear to ear extended wide,
Which, when for want of food her entrails pin'd,
She op'd, and, cursing, swallow'd nought but wind :
All shrivell'd was her skin ; and here and there,
Making their way by force, her bones lay bare :
Such filthy sight to hide from human view,
O'er her foul limbs a tatter'd plaid she threw.

' Cease,' cried the goddess, ' cease, despairing
And from a parent hear what Jove ordains. [swains,

' Pent in this barren corner of the isle,
Where partial Fortune never deign'd to smile ;
Like Nature's bastards, reaping for our share
What was rejected by the lawful heir ;
Unknown amongst the nations of the earth,
Or only known to raise contempt and mirth ;

Long free, because the race of Roman braves
Thought it not worth their while to make us slaves;
Then into bondage by that nation brought,
Whose ruin we for ages vainly sought;
Whom still with unslak'd hate we view, and still,
The power of mischief lost, retain the will;
Consider'd as the refuse of mankind,
A mass till the last moment left behind,
Which frugal Nature doubted, as it lay,
Whether to stamp with life or throw away;
Which, form'd in haste, was planted in this nook,
But never enter'd in Creation's book;
Branded as traitors, who for love of gold
Would sell their God, as once their king they sold.
Long have we borne this mighty weight of ill,
These vile injurious taunts, and bear them still;
But times of happier note are now at hand,
And the full promise of a better land:
There, like the sons of Israel, having trod,
For the fix'd term of years ordain'd by God,
A barren desert; we shall seize rich plains,
Where milk with honey flows, and plenty reigns:
With some few natives join'd, some pliant few,
Who worship Interest and our track pursue;
There shall we, though the wretched people grieve,
Ravage at large, nor ask the owners' leave.
' For us, the earth shall bring forth her increase,
For us, the flocks shall wear a golden fleece:
Fat beeves shall yield us dainties not our own,
And the grape bleed a nectar yet unknown:
For our advantage shall their harvests grow,
And Scotsmen reap what they disdain'd to sow;
For us, the sun shall climb the eastern hill;
For us, the rain shall fall, the dew distil:

When to our wishes Nature cannot rise,
Art shall be task'd to grant us fresh supplies :
His brawny arm shall drudging Labour strain,
And for our pleasure suffer daily pain :
'Trade shall for us exert her utmost pow'rs,
Her's all the toil, and all the profit ours :
For us, the oak shall from his native steep
Descend, and fearless, travel through the deep :
The sail of commerce, for our use unfurl'd,
Shall waft the treasures of each distant world :
For us, sublimer heights shall science reach ;
For us, their statesmen plot, their churchmen preach :
Their noblest limbs of council we'll disjoint,
And, mocking, new one's of our own appoint :
Devouring War, imprison'd in the North,
Shall, at our call, in horrid pomp break forth,
And when, his chariot-wheels with thunder hung,
Fell Discord braying with her brazen tongue,
Death in the van, with Anger, Hate, and Fear,
And Desolation stalking in the rear,
Revenge, by Justice guided, in his train,
He drives impetuous o'er the trembling plain,
Shall, at our bidding, quit his lawful prey,
And to meek, gentle, generous Peace, give way.

' Think not, my sons, that this so bless'd estate
Stands at a distance on the roll of fate ;
Already big with hopes of future sway,
Ev'n from this cave I scent my destin'd prey.
Think not, that this dominion o'er a race
Whose former deeds shall time's last annals grace,
In the rough face of peril must be sought,
And with the lives of thousands dearly bought :
No—fool'd by cunning, by that happy art
Which laughs to scorn the blundering hero's heart,

Into the snare shall our kind neighbours fall
With open eyes, and fondly give us all.

‘ When Rome, to prop her sinking empire, bore
Their choicest levies to a foreign shore,
What if we seiz’d, like a destroying flood,
Their widow’d plains, and fill’d the realm with blood,
Gave an unbounded loose to manly rage,
And, scorning mercy, spar’d nor sex nor age ?
When, for our interest too mighty grown,
Monarchs of warlike bent possess’d the throne,
What if we strove divisions to foment,
And spread the flames of civil discontent,
Assisted those who ’gainst their king made head,
And gave the traitors refuge when they fled ?
When restless Glory bade her sons advance,
And pitch’d her standard in the fields of France,
What if, disdaining oaths, an empty sound,
By which our nation never shall be bound ;
Bravely we taught unmuzzled war to roam, [home?
Through the weak land, and brought cheap laurels
When the bold traitors leagued for the defence
Of law, religion, liberty, and sense,
When they against their lawful monarch rose,
And dar’d the Lord’s anointed to oppose ;
What if we still rever’d the banish’d race,
And strove the royal vagrants to replace,
With fierce rebellions shook the’ unsettled state,
And greatly dar’d, though cross’d by partial fate ?
These facts, which might, where wisdom held the
Awake the very stones to bar our way, [sway,
There shall be nothing, nor one trace remain
In the dull region of an English brain :
Bless’d with that faith, which mountains can remove,
First they shall dupes, next saints, last martyrs prove.

‘ Already is this game of fate begun
Under the sanction of my darling son ;
That son, of nature royal as his name,
Is destin’d to redeem our race from shame :
His boundless power, beyond example great,
Shall make the rough way smooth, the crooked
straight ;

Shall for our ease the raging floods restrain,
And sink the mountain level to the plain.
Discord, whom in a cavern under ground
With massy fetters their late patriot ²⁰ bound ;
Where her own flesh the furious hag might tear,
And vent her curses to the vacant air ;
Where, that she never might be heard of more,
He planted Loyalty to guard the door,
For better purpose shall our chief release,
Disguise her for a time, and call her Peace.

‘ Lur’d by that name, fine engine of deceit !
Shall the weak English help themselves to cheat ;
To gain our love, with honours shall they grace
The old adherents of the Stuart race,
Who pointed out, no matter by what name,
Tories or Jacobites are still the same :
To soothe our rage, the temporising brood
Shall break the ties of truth and gratitude,
Against their saviour venom’d falsehoods frame,
And brand with calumny their William’s name :
To win our grace, (rare argument of wit !)
To our untainted faith shall they commit
(Our faith which, in extremest perils tried,
Disdain’d, and still disdains, to change her side)
That sacred Majesty they all approve,
Who most enjoys, and best deserves, their love.’

²⁰ Mr. Pitt, afterwards Earl of Chatham.

THE
TIMES.

THE time hath been, a boyish, blushing time,
When modesty was scarcely held a crime ;
When the most wicked had some touch of grace,
And trembled to meet Virtue face to face ;
When those, who, in the cause of Sin grown gray,
Had serv'd her without grudging, day by day,
Were yet so weak an awkward shame to feel,
And strove that glorious service to conceal :
We, better bred, and than our sires more wise,
Such paltry narrowness of soul despise :
To virtue every mean pretence disclaim,
Lay bare our crimes, and glory in our shame.

Time was, ere Temperance had fled the realm,
Ere Luxury sat guttling at the helm
From meal to meal, without one moment's space
Reserv'd for business, or allow'd for grace ;
Ere vanity had so far conquer'd sense
To make us all wild rivals in expense,
To make one fool strive to outvie another,
And every coxcomb dress against his brother ;
Ere banish'd Industry had left our shores,
And Labour was by Pride kick'd out of doors ;

Ere Idleness prevail'd sole queen in courts,
Or only yielded to a rage for sports ;
Ere each weak mind was with externals caught,
And dissipation held the place of thought ;
Ere gambling lords in vice so far were gone
To cog the die, and bid the sun look on ;
Ere a great nation, not less just than free,
Was made a beggar by Economy ;
Ere rugged Honesty was out of vogue ;
Ere Fashion stamp'd her sanction on the rogne ;
Time was, that men had conscience, that they made
Scruples to owe, what never could be paid.
Was one then found, however high his name,
So far above his fellows damn'd to shame,
Who dar'd abuse, and falsify his trust,
Who, being great, yet dar'd to be unjust ;
Shun'd like a plague, or but at distance view'd,
He walk'd the crowded streets in solitude,
Nor could his rank and station in the land
Bribe one mean knave to take him by the hand.
Such rigid maxims (O, might such revive
To keep expiring honesty alive !)
Made rogues, all other hopes of fame denied,
Not just through principle, but just through pride.
Our times, more polish'd, wear a different face ;
Debts are an honour, payment a disgrace,
Men of weak minds, high-plac'd on folly's list,
May gravely tell us trade cannot subsist,
Nor all those thousands who're in trade employ'd,
If faith 'twixt man and man is once destroy'd.
Why—be it so—we in that point accord ;
But what is trade, and tradesmen, to a lord ?
Faber, from day to day, from year to year,
Hath had the cries of tradesmen in his ear,

Of tradesmen by his villany betray'd,
And, vainly seeking justice, bankrupts made.
What is't to Faber? lordly, as before,
He sits at ease, and lives to ruin more :
Fix'd at his door, as motionless as stone,
Begging, but only begging for their own ;
Unheard they stand, or only heard by those,
Those slaves in livery, who mock their woes.
What is't to Faber? he continues great,
Lives on in grandeur, and runs out in state ;
The helpless widow, wrung with deep despair,
In bitterness of soul pours forth her prayer,
Hugging her starving babes with streaming eyes,
And calls down vengeance, vengeance from the skies.
What is't to Faber? he stands safe and clear,
Heaven can commence no legal action here,
And on his breast a mighty plate he wears,
A plate more firm than triple brass, which bears
The name of *privilege*, 'gainst vulgar awe ;
He feels no conscience, and he fears no law.

Nor think, acquainted with small knaves alone,
Who have not shame outliv'd, and grace outgrown,
The great world hidden from thy reptile view,
That on such men, to whom contempt is due,
Contempt shall fall, and their vile author's name
Recorded stand through all the land of shame.
No—to his porch, like Persians to the sun,
Behold contending crowds of courtiers run ;
See, to his aid what noble troops advance,
All sworn to keep his crimes in countenance ?
Nor wonder at it—they partake the charge,
As small their conscience, and their debts as large,

Prop'd by such clients, and without control
From ail that's honest in the human soul ;

In grandeur mean, with insolence unjust, [trust,
Whilst none but knaves can praise, and fools will
Caress'd and courted, Faber seems to stand
A mighty pillar in a guilty land,
And (a sad truth, to which succeeding times
Will scarce give credit, when 'tis told in rhymes)
Did not strict honour with a jealous eye
Watch round the throne, did not true piety
(Who, link'd with honour for the noblest ends,
Ranks none but honest men amongst her friends)
Forbid us to be crush'd with such a weight,
He might in time be minister of state.

But why enlarge I on such petty crimes?
'They might have shock'd the faith of former times,
But now are held as nothing—we begin
Where our sires ended, and improve in sin;
Rack our invention, and leave nothing new
In vice and folly for our sons to do.

Nor deem this censure hard ; there's not a place
Most consecrate to purposes of grace,
Which vice hath not polluted ; none so high,
But with bold pinion she hath dar'd to fly,
And build there for her pleasure ; none so low
But she hath crept into it, made it know
And feel her power : in courts, in camps she reigns,
O'er sober citizens, and simple swains ;
Ev'n in our temples she hath fix'd her throne,
And 'bove God's holy altars plac'd her own.

More to increase the horror of our state,
To make her empire lasting as 'tis great ;
To make us, in full-grown perfection feel
Curses which neither art nor time can heal ;
All shame discarded, all remains of pride,
Meanness sits crown'd, and triumphs by her side :

Meanness, who gleans out of the human mind
Those few good seeds which vice had left behind ;
Those seeds which might in time to virtue tend,
And leaves the soul without a power to mend ;
Meanness, at sight of whom, with brave disdain,
The breast of manhood swells, but swells in vain ;
Before whom Honour makes a forc'd retreat,
And Freedom is compell'd to quit her seat ;
Meanness, which, like that mark by bloody Cain
Borne in his forehead for a brother slain,
God, in his great and all-subduing rage,
Ordains the standing mark of this vile age.

The venal hero trucks his fame for gold,
The patriot's virtue for a place is sold ;
The statesman bargains for his country's shame,
And for preferment priests their God disclaim,
Worn out with lust, her day of lechery o'er,
The mother trains the daughter which she bore
In her own paths ; the father aids the plan,
And, when the innocent is ripe for man,
Sells her to some old lecher for a wife,
And makes her an adulteress for life,
Or in the papers bids his name appear,
And advertises for a Ligonier :
Husband and wife (whom avarice must applaud)
Agree to save the charge of pimp and bawd :
These parts they play themselves, a frugal pair,
And share the infamy, the gain to share ;
Well pleas'd to find, when they the profits tell,
That they have play'd the whore and rogue so well.

Nor are these things, (which might imply a spark
Of shame still left) transacted in the dark :
No—to the public they are open laid,
And carried on like any other trade,

Scorning to mince damnation, and too proud
To work the works of darkness in a cloud,
In fullest vigour vice maintains her sway ;
Free are her marts, and open at noon-day.
Meanness, now wed to impudence, no more
In darkness sculks, and trembles, as of yore,
When the light breaks upon her coward eye ;
Boldly she stalks on earth, and to the sky
Lifts her proud head, nor fears lest time abate,
And turn her husband's love to canker'd hate,
Since fate, to make them more sincerely one,
Hath crown'd their loves with Montague their son ;
A son so like his dam, so like his sire,
With all the mother's craft, the father's fire,
An image so express in every part,
So like in all bad qualities of heart,
That, had they fifty children, he alone
Would stand as heir apparent to the throne.

With our own island-vices not content,
We rob our neighbours on the Continent ;
Dance Europe round, and visit every court,
To ape their follies and their crimes import :
To different lands for different sins we roam,
And, richly freighted, bring our cargo home,
Nobly industrious to make vice appear
In her full state, and perfect only here.

To Holland, where politeness ever reigns,
Where primitive sincerity remains,
And makes a stand where Freedom in her course
Hath left her name, though she hath lost her force
In that as other lands ; where simple Trade
Was never in the garb of Fraud array'd ;
Where Avarice never dar'd to show his head ;
Where, like a smiling cherub, Mercy, led

By Reason, blesses the sweet-blooded race,
And Cruelty could never find a place ;
To Holland for that charity we roam,
Which happily begins and ends at home.

France, in return for peace and power restor'd,
For all those countries, which the hero's sword
Unprofitably purchas'd, idly thrown
Into her lap, and made once more her own ;
France hath afforded large and rich supplies
Of vanities full-trim'd : of polish'd lies,
Of soothing flatteries, which through the ears
Steal to, and melt the heart ; of slavish fears
Which break the spirit, and of abject fraud—
For which, alas ! we need not send abroad.
Spain gives us pride—which Spain to all the earth
May largely give, nor fear herself a dearth—
Gives us that jealousy, which, born of fear
And mean distrust, grows not by Nature here—
Gives us that superstition, which pretends
By the worst means to serve the best of ends—
That cruelty, which, stranger to the brave,
Dwells only with the coward, and the slave ;
That cruelty, which led her Christian bands
With more than savage rage o'er savage lands,
Bade her, without remorse, whole countries thin,
And hold of nought, but mercy, as a sin.

Italia, nurse of every softer art,
Who, feigning to refine, unmans the heart ;
Who lays the realms of Sense and Virtue waste ;
Who mars whilst she pretends to mend our taste ;
Italia, to complete and crown our shame,
Sends us a fiend, and Legion is his name.
The farce of greatness, without being great,
Pride without power, titles without estate.

Souls without vigour, bodies without force,
Hate without cause, revenge without remorse,
Dark, mean revenge, murder without defence,
Jealousy without love, sound without sense,
Mirth without humour, without wit grimace,
Faith without reason, Gospel without grace,
Zeal without knowledge, without nature art,
Men without manhood, women without heart ;
Half-men, who, dry and pithless, are debar'd
From man's best joys—no sooner made than mar'd—
Half-men, whom many a rich and noble dame,
To serve her lust, and yet secure her fame,
Keeps on high diet, as we capons feed,
To glut our appetites at last decreed ;
Women, who dance in postures so obscene,
They might awaken shame in Aretine ;
Who, when retir'd from the day's piercing light,
They celebrate the mysteries of Night,
Might make the Muses, in a corner plac'd
To view their monstrous lusts, deem Sappho chaste :
These, and a thousand follies rank as these,
A thousand faults, ten thousand fools, who please
Our pall'd and sickly taste, ten thousand knaves,
Who serve our foes as spies, and us as slaves,
Who, by degrees, and unperceiv'd, prepare
Our necks for chains which they already wear,
Madly we entertain, at the expense
Of fame, of virtue, taste, and common sense.

Nor stop we here—the soft luxurious East,
Where man, his soul degraded, from the beast
In nothing different but in shape we view,
They walk on four legs, and he walks on two,
Attracts our eye, and flowing from that source,
Sins of the blackest character, sins worse

Than all her plagues, which truly to unfold;
Would make the best blood in my veins run cold,
And strike all manhood dead, which but to name;
Would call up in my cheeks the marks of shame;
Sins, if such sins can be, which shut out grace;
Which for the guilty leave no hope, no place,
Ev'n in God's mercy; sins 'gainst Nature's plan
Possess the land at large, and man for man
Burns in those fires, which hell alone could raise
To make him more than damn'd; which, in the days
Of punishment, when guilt becomes her prey,
With all her tortures she can scarce repay.

Be grace shut out, be mercy deaf, let God
With tenfold terrors arm that dreadful nod
Which speaks them lost, and sentenc'd to despair;
Distending wide her jaws, let hell prepare,
For those who thus offend amongst mankind,
A fire more fierce, and tortures more refin'd:
On earth, which groans beneath their monstrous
On earth, alas! they meet a different fate; [weight,
And whilst the laws, false grace, false mercy, shown,
Are taught to wear a softness not their own,
Men, whom the beasts would spurn, should they ap-
Amongst the honest herd, find refuge here. [pear

No longer by vain fear or shame control'd,
From long, too long, security grown bold,
Mocking rebuke, they brave it in our streets,
And Lumley ev'n at noon his mistress meets:
So public in their crimes, so daring grown,
They almost take a pride to have them known,
And each unnatural villain scarce endures
To make a secret of his vile amours.
Go where we will, at every time and place,
Sodom confronts, and stares us in the face;

They ply in public at our very doors,
And take the bread from much more honest whores.
Those who are mean, high paramours secure,
And the rich guilty screen the guilty poor ;
The sin too proud to feel from reason awe,
And those who practise it, too great for law.

Woman, the pride and happiness of man,
Without whose soft endearments Nature's plan
Had been a blank, and life not worth a thought ;
Woman, by all the Loves and Graces taught,
With softest arts, and sure, though hidden skill,
To humanize, and mould us to her will ;
Woman, with more than common grace form'd here,
With the persuasive language of a tear
To melt the rugged temper of our isle,
Or win us to her purpose with a smile :
Woman, by fate the quickest spur decreed,
The fairest best reward of every deed
Which bears the stamp of honour, at whose name
Our ancient heroes caught a quicker flame,
And dar'd beyond belief whilst o'er the plain,
Spurning the carcasses of princes slain,
Confusion proudly strode, whilst Horror blew
The fatal trump, and Death stalk'd full in view ;
Woman is out of date, a thing thrown by,
As having lost its use : no more the eye,
With female beauty caught, in wild amaze,
Gazes entranc'd, and could for ever gaze ;
No more the heart, that seat where Love resides,
Each breath drawn quick and short, in fuller tides
Life posting through the veins, each pulse on fire,
And the whole body tingling with desire,
Panta for those charms, which Virtue might engage
To break his vow, and thaw the frost of Age,

Bidding each trembling nerve, each muscle strain,
And giving pleasure which is almost pain,
Women are kept for nothing but the breed ;
For pleasure we must have a Ganymede,
A fine, fresh Hylas, a delicious boy,
To serve our purposes of beastly joy.

Fairest of nymphs, where every nymph is fair,
Whom Nature form'd with more than common care,
With more than common care whom Art improv'd,
And both declar'd most worthy to be lov'd,
Aynam neglected wanders, whilst a crowd
Pursue and consecrate the steps of Stroud.
She, hapless maid, born in a wretched hour,
Wastes life's gay prime in vain, like some fair flow'r,
Sweet in its scent, and lively in its hue,
Which withers on the stalk from whence it grew,
And dies uncrop'd ! whilst he admir'd, caress'd,
Belov'd, and every where a welcome guest,
With brutes of rank and fortune plays the whore,
For this unnatural lust a common sew'r.

Dine with Apicius—at his sumptuous board
Find all, the world of dainties can afford—
And yet (so much distemper'd spirits pall
The sickly appetite) amidst them all
Apicius finds no joy, but whilst he carves
For every guest, the landlord sits and starves.

The forest haunch, fine, fat, in flavour high,
Kept to a moment, smokes before his eye,
But smokes in vain ; his heedless eye runs o'er,
And loaths what he had deified before :
The turtle, of a great and glorious size,
Worth its own weight in gold, a mighty prize,
For which a man of taste all risks would run,
Itself a feast, and every dish in one ;

The turtle in luxurious pomp comes in,
Kept, kill'd, cut up, prepar'd, and dress'd by Quin;
In vain it comes, in vain lays full in view;
As Quin¹ hath dress'd it, he may eat it too;
Apicius cannot.—When the glass goes round,
Quick-circling, and the roofs with mirth resound,
Sober he sits, and silent—all alone
Though in a crowd; and to himself scarce known
On grief he feeds; nor friends can cure, nor wine
Suspend his cares, and make him cease to pine.

Why mourns Apicius thus? why runs his eye,
Heedless, o'er delicacies, which from the sky
Might call down Jove? Where now his generous
That, to invent a new and better dish, [wish
The world might burn, and all mankind expire,
So he might roast a phoenix at the fire?
Why swims that eye in tears, which, through a race
Of sixty years, ne'er show'd one sign of grace?
Why feels that heart, which never felt before?
Why doth that pamper'd glutton eat no more,
Who only liv'd to eat, his stomach pall'd,
And drown'd in floods of sorrow? hath Fate call'd
His father from the grave to second life?
Hath Clodius on his hands return'd his wife?
Or hath the law, by strictest justice taught,
Compell'd him to restore the dower she brought?
Hath some bold creditor, against his will,
Brought in, and forc'd him to discharge a bill,
Where eating had no share? hath some vain wench
Run out his wealth, and forc'd him to retrench?
Hath any rival glutton got the start,
And beat him in his own luxurious art?

¹ Quin the actor was a notorious voluptuary.

Bought cates for which Apicius could not pay,
 Or dress'd old dainties in a newer way?
 Hath his cook, worthy to be slain with rods,
 Spoil'd a dish, fit to entertain the gods?
 Or hath some varlet, cross'd by cruel fate,
 Thrown down the price of empires in a plate?—

None, none of these—his servants all are tried,
 So sure, they walk on ice, and never slide;
 His cook, an acquisition made in France,
 Might put a Chloë out of countenance;
 Nor, though old Holles² still maintains his stand,
 Hath he one rival glutton in the land.
 Women are all the objects of his hate;
 His debts are all unpaid, and yet his state
 In full security and triumph held,
 Unless for once a knave should be expell'd:
 His wife is still a whore, and in his pow'r,
 The woman gone, he still retains the dow'r;
 Sound in the grave (thanks to his filial care
 Which mix'd the draught, and kindly sent him there)
 His father sleeps, and till the last trump shake
 The corners of the earth, shall not awake.

Whence flows this sorrow, then? Behind his chair
 Didst thou not see, deck'd with a solitaire,
 Which on his bare breast glittering play'd, and grac'd
 With nicest ornaments, a stripling plac'd,
 A smooth, smug stripling, in life's fairest prime?
 Didst thou not mind, too, how from time to time,
 The monstrous lecher, tempted to despise
 All other dainties, thither turn'd his eyes?
 How he seem'd inly to reproach us all,
 Who strove his fix'd attention to recal,

² Duke of Newcastle.

And how he wish'd, ev'n at the time of grace,
Like Janus, to have had a double face?
His cause of grief behold in that fair boy ;
Apicius dotes, and Corydon is coy.

Vain and unthinking stripling! when the glass
Meets thy too curious eye, and, as you pass,
Flattering, presents in smiles thy image there,
Why dost thou bless the gods, who made thee fair?
Blame their large bounties, and with reason blame ;
Curse, curse thy beauty, for it leads to shame :
When thy hot lord, to work thee to his end,
Bids showers of gold into thy breast descend,
Suspect his gifts, nor the vile giver trust ;
They're baits for virtue, and smell strong of lust.
On those gay, gaudy trappings, which adorn
The temple of thy body, look with scorn ;
View them with horror ; they pollution mean
And deepest ruin : thou hast often seen
From 'mongst the herd, the fairest and the best
Carefully singled out, and richly dress'd,
With grandeur mock'd, for sacrifice decreed,
Only in greater pomp at last to bleed.
Be warn'd in time, the threaten'd danger shun,
To stay a moment is to be undone.
What though, temptation-proof, thy virtue shine,
Nor bribes can move, nor arts can undermine?
All other methods failing, one resource
Is still behind, and thou must yield to force.
Paint to thyself the horrors of a rape,
Most strongly paint, and, while thou canst, escape :
Mind not his promises—they're made in sport—
Made to be broke—was he not bred at court?
Trust not his honour, he's a man of birth ;
Attend not to his oaths—they're made on earth,

Not register'd in Heaven—he mocks at grace,
 And in his creed God never found a place—
 Look not for Conscience—for he knows her not ;
 So long a stranger, she is quite forgot—
 Nor think thyself in law secure and firm ;
 Thy master is a lord, and thou a worm,
 A poor mean reptile, never meant to think,
 Who, being well supplied with meat and drink,
 And suffer'd just to crawl from place to place,
 Must serve his lusts, and think he does thee grace.

Fly, then, whilst yet 'tis in thy power to fly :
 But whither canst thou go ? on whom rely
 For wish'd protection ? Virtue's sure to meet
 An armed host of foes in every street.
 What boots it, of Apicius fearful grown,
 Headlong to fly into the arms of Stone ?
 Or why take refuge in the house of pray'r
 If sure to meet with an Apicius there ?
 Trust not old age, which will thy faith betray ;
 Saint Socrates is still a goat, though grey :
 Trust not green youth ; Florio will scarce go down,
 And, at eighteen, hath surfeited the town :
 Trust not to rakes—alas ! 'tis all pretence—
 They take up raking only as a fence
 'Gainst common fame—place H** in thy view,
 He keeps one whore as Barrowby kept two :
 Trust not to marriage—T** took a wife,
 Who chaste as Dian might have pass'd her life,
 Had she not, far more prudent in her aim,
 (To propagate the honours of his name,
 And save expiring titles) taken care,
 Without his knowledge, to provide an heir :
 Trust not to marriage, in mankind unread ;
 S**'s a married man, and S** new wed.

Wouldst thou be safe? society forswear,
 Fly to the desert, and seek shelter there;
 Herd with the brutes—they follow Nature's plan—
 'There's not one brute so dangerous as man.
 In Afric's wilds—'mongst them that refuge find
 Which lust denies thee here among mankind:
 Renounce thy name, thy nature, and no more
 Pique thy vain pride on manhood: on all four
 Walk, as you see those honest creatures do,
 And quite forget that once you walk'd on two.

But, if the thought of solitude alarm,
 And social life hath one remaining charm;
 If still thou art to jeopardy decreed
 Amongst the monsters of Augusta's breed,
 Lay by thy sex, thy safety to procure,
 Put off the man, from men to live secure;
 Go forth a woman to the public view,
 And with their garb assume their manners too,
 Had the light-footed Greek ³ of Chiron's school
 Been wise enough to keep this single rule,
 The mandlin hero, like a puling boy
 Robb'd of his plaything, on the plains of Troy
 Had never blubber'd at Patroclus' tomb,
 And plac'd his minion in his mistress' room.
 Be not in this than catamites more nice,
 Do that for virtue, which they do for vice;
 Thus shalt thou pass untainted life's gay bloom,
 Thus stand uncourted in the drawing-room;
 At midnight thus, untempted, walk the street,
 And run no danger but of being beat.

Where is the mother, whose officious zeal,
 Discreetly judging what her daughters feel

³ Achilles.

By what she felt herself in days of yore,
Against that lecher man makes fast the door?
Who not permits, ev'n for the sake of pray'r,
A priest, uncastrated, to enter there,
Nor (could her wishes, and her care prevail)
Would suffer in the house a fly that's male?
Let her discharge her cares, throw wide her doors,
Her daughters cannot, if they would, be whores;
Nor can a man be found, as times now go,
Who thinks it worth his while to make them so.

Though they more fresh, more lively than the
morn,
And brighter than the noon-day sun, adorn
The works of Nature; though the mother's grace
Revives improv'd in every daughter's face,
Undisciplin'd in dull Discretion's rules,
Untaught, and undebauch'd by boarding-schools;
Free and unguarded, let them range the town,
Go forth at random, and run pleasure down,
Start where she will; discard all taint of fear,
Nor think of danger, when no danger's near.
Watch not their steps—they're safe without thy care,
Unless, like jennets, they conceive by air,
And every one of them may die a nun,
Unless they breed, like carrion, in the sun.
Men, dead to pleasure, as they're dead to grace,
Against the law of Nature set their face,
The grand primeval law, and seem combin'd
To stop the propagation of mankind;
Vile pathics read the Marriage-Act with pride⁴,
And fancy that the law is on their side.

⁴ The marriage-act was passed in 1753, for the prevention of clandestine and irregular marriages.

Broke down, and strength a stranger to his bed;
 Old Ligonier, though yet alive, is dead;
 T* lives no more, or lives not to our isle;
 No longer bless'd with a Czarina's smiles;
 T*** is at Petersburg disgrac'd,
 And M***, grown grey, perforce grows chaste;
 Nor to the credit of our modest race,
 Rises one stallion to supply their place.
 A maidenhead, which, twenty years ago,
 In mid December, the rank fly would blow
 Though closely kept, now, when the dog-star's heat
 Inflames the marrow, in the very street
 May lie untouch'd, left for the worms, by those
 Who daintily pass by, and hold their nose;
 Poor, plain Concupiscence is in disgrace,
 And simple Lechery dares not show her face,
 Lest she be sent to Bridewell; bankrupts made,
 To save their fortunes, bawds leave off that trade,
 Which first had left off them; to Wellclose-square
 Fine, fresh, young strumpets (for Dodd preaches
 there⁵)

Throng for subsistence: pimps no longer thrive,
 And pensions only keep L** alive.

Where is the mother, who thinks all her pain,
 And all her jeopardy of travail, gain
 When a man-child is born, thinks every pray'r,
 Paid to the full, and answer'd in an heir?
 Short-sighted woman! little doth she know
 What streams of sorrow from that source may flow;
 Little suspect, while she surveys her boy,
 Her young Narcissus, with an eye of joy

⁵ Dr. Dodd occasionally preached at a chapel in Wellclose-Square, and was chaplain to the Magdalen Hospital.

Too full for continence, that fate could give
Her darling as a curse ; that she may live,
Ere sixteen winters their short course have run,
In agonies of soul, to curse that son.

Pray then for daughters, ye wise mothers, pray ;
They shall reward your love, not make ye grey
Before your time with sorrow ; they shall give
Ages of peace, and comfort ; whilst ye live
Make life most truly worth your care, and save,
In spite of death, your memories from the grave.

That sense, with more than manly vigour fraught,
That fortitude of soul, that stretch of thought,
That genius, great beyond the narrow bound
Of earth's low walk, that judgment perfect found
When wanted most, that purity of taste,
Which critics mention by the name of chaste ;
Adorn'd with elegance, that easy flow
Of ready wit, which never made a foe ;
That face, that form, that dignity, that ease,
Those powers of pleasing, with that will to please,
By which Lepel⁶, when in her youthful days,
Ev'n from the curish Pope extorted praise,
We see, transmitted, in her daughter shine,
And view a new Lepel in Caroline.

Is a son born into this world of woe ?
In never-ceasing streams let sorrow flow ;
Be from that hour the house with sables hung,
Let lamentations dwell upon thy tongue,
Ev'n from the moment that he first began
To wail and whine, let him not see a man :

⁶ Mary, daughter of Brigadier-General Le Pel, married, in 1720, to John Lord Hervey. Their daughter Caroline never married.

Lock, lock him up, far from the public eye;
Give him no opportunity to bny,
Or to be bought; B**, though rich, was sold,
And gave his body up to shame for gold.

Let it be bruited all about the town,
That he is coarse, indelicate, and brown,
An antidote to lust; his face deep scar'd
With the small-pox, his body maim'd and mar'd;
Ate up with the king's evil, and his blood
Tainted throughout, a thick and putrid flood,
Where dwells corruption, making him all o'er,
From head to foot, a rank and running sore.
Shouldst thou report him, as by Nature made,
He is undone, and by thy praise betray'd:
Give him out fair, lechers, in number more,
More brutal and more fierce, than throng'd the door
Of Lot in Sodom, shall to thine repair,
And force a passage, though a god is there.

Let him not have one servant that is male;]
Where lords are baffled, servants oft prevail.
Some vices they propose, to all agree;
H** was guilty, but was M** free?

Give him no tutor—throw him to a punk,
Rather than trust his morals to a monk—
Monks we all know—we, who have liv'd at home,
From fair report, and travellers, who roam,
More feelingly;—nor trust him to the gown,
'Tis oft a covering in this vile town
For base designs: ourselves have liv'd to see
More than one parson in the pillory.
Should he have brothers, (image to thy view
A scene, which, though not public made, is true)
Let not one brother be to t'other known,
Nor let his father sit with him alone;

Be all his servants, female, young and fair,
And if the pride of Nature spur thy heir
To deeds of venery, if, hot and wild,
He chance to get some score of maids with child,
Chide, but forgive him; whoredom is a crime
Which, more at this, than any other time,
Calls for indulgence, and, 'mongst such a race,
To have a bastard is some sign of grace.

Born in such times, should I sit tamely down,
Suppress my rage, and saunter through the town
As one who knew not, or who shar'd these crimes?
Should I at lesser evils point my rhymes,
And let this giant sin, in the full eye
Of observation, pass unwounded by?
Though our meek wives, passive obedience taught,
Patiently bear those wrongs, for which they ought,
With the brave spirit of their dams possess'd,
To plant a dagger in each husband's breast,
To cut off male increase from this fair isle,
And turn our Thames into another Nile;
Though, on his Sunday, the smug pulpiter,
Loud 'gainst all other crimes, is silent here;
And thinks himself absolv'd, in the pretence
Of decency, which, meant for the defence
Of real virtue, and to raise her price,
Becomes an agent for the cause of vice;
Though the law sleeps, and through the care they
To drug her well, may never more awake; [take
Born in such times, nor with that patience curst
Which saints may boast of, I must speak or burst.

But if, too eager in my bold career,
Haply I wound the nice and chaster ear;
If, all unguarded, all too rude, I speak,
And call up blushes in the maiden's cheek;

Forgive, ye fair—my real motives view,
And to forgiveness add your praises too.
For you I write—nor wish a better plan,
The cause of woman is most worthy man—
For you I still will write, nor hold my hand
Whilst there's one slave of Sodom in the land.

Let them fly far, and sculk from place to place,
Not daring to meet manhood face to face,
Their steps I'll track, nor yield them one retreat
Where they may hide their heads, or rest their feet,
Till God, in wrath, shall let his vengeance fall,
And make a great example of them all,
Bidding in one grand pile this town expire,
Her towers in dust, her Thames a lake of fire,
Or they (most worth our wish) convinc'd, though
late,
Of their past crimes, and dangerous estate,
Pardon of women with repentance buy,
And learn to honour them, as much as I.

INDEPENDENCE¹.

HAPPY the bard (though few such bards we find)
Who, 'bove controlment, dares to speak his mind ;
Dares, unabash'd, in every place appear,
And nothing fears, but what he ought to fear:
Him fashion cannot tempt, him abject need
Cannot compel, him pride cannot mislead
To be the slave of greatness, to strike sail
When, sweeping onward with her peacock's tail,
Quality in full plumage passes by ;
He views her with a fix'd, contemptuous eye,
And mocks the puppet, keeps his own due state,
And is above conversing with the great.

Perish those slaves, those minions of the quill,
Who have conspir'd to seize that sacred hill
Where the nine sisters pour a genuine strain,
And sunk the mountain level with the plain ;
Who, with mean, private views, and servile art,
No spark of virtue living in their heart,
Have basely turn'd apostates ; have debas'd
Their dignity of office ; have disgrac'd,
Like Eli's sons, the altars where they stand,
And caus'd their name to stink through all the land ;

¹ This was Churchill's latest publication, and appeared in September, 1764.

Have stoop'd to prostitute their venal pen
For the support of great, but guilty men;
Have made the bard, of their own vile accord,
Inferior to that thing we call a lord.

What is a lord? Doth that plain simple word
Contain some magic spell? As soon as heard,
Like an alarm bell on Night's dull ear,
Doth it strike louder, and more strong appear
Than other words? Whether we will or no,
Through reason's court doth it unquestion'd go
Ev'n on the mention, and of course transmit
Notions of something excellent, of wit
Pleasing, though keen, of humour free, though chaste,
Of sterling genius, with sound judgment grac'd,
Of virtue far above temptation's reach,
And honour, which not malice can impeach?
Believe it not—'twas Nature's first intent,
Before their rank became their punishment,
They should have pass'd for men, nor blush'd to prize
The blessings she bestow'd—she gave them eyes,
And they could see—she gave them ears—they heard—
The instruments of stirring, and they stir'd—
Like us, they were design'd to eat, to drink,
To talk, and (every now and then) to think;
Till they, by pride corrupted, for the sake
Of singularity, disclaim'd that make;
Till they, disdaining Nature's vulgar mode,
Flew off, and struck into another road,
More fitting Quality, and to our view
Came forth a species altogether new,
Something we had not known, and could not know,
Like nothing of God's making here below;
Nature exclaim'd with wonder—lords are things
Which, never made by me, were made by kings.

A lord, (nor let the honest and the brave,
The true old noble, with the fool and knave
Here mix his fame ; curs'd be that thought of mine,
Which with a Bute and Fox, should Grafton join)
A lord, (nor here let censure rashly call
My just contempt of some, abuse of all,
And, as of late, when Sodom was my theme,
Slander my purpose, and my Muse blaspheme,
Because she stops not, rapid in her song,
To make exceptions as she goes along,
Though well she hopes to find, another year,
A whole minority exceptions here)
A mere, mere lord, with nothing but the name,
Wealth all his worth, and title all his fame,
Lives on another man, himself a blank,
Thankless he lives, or must some grandsire thank
For smuggled honours, and ill-gotten pelf ;
A bard owes all to nature, and himself.

Gods, how my soul is burnt up with disdain,
When I see men, whom Phœbus in his train
Might view with pride, lackey the heels of those
Whom genius ranks amongst her greatest foes !
And what's the cause ? why, these same sons of
No thanks to them, were to a title born, [scorn,
And could not help it ; by chance hither sent,
And only deities by accident.
Had fortune on our getting chanc'd to shine,
Their birthright honours had been your's or mine :
'Twas a mere random stroke, and should the throne
Eye thee with favour, proud and lordly grown,
Thou, though a bard, might'st be their fellow yet ;
But Felix never can be made a wit.
No, in good faith—that's one of those few things
Which fate hath plac'd beyond the reach of kings ;

Bards may be lords, but 'tis not in the cards,
Play how we will, to turn lords into bards.

A bard—a lord—why, let them, hand in hand,
Go forth as friends, and travel through the land,
Observe which word the people can digest
Most readily, which goes to market best,
Which gets most credit, whether men will trust
A bard, because they think he may be just,
Or on a lord will choose to risk their gains,
Though privilege in that point still remains.

A bard—a lord—Let Reason take her scales,
And fairly weigh those words, see which prevails,
Which in the balance lightly kicks the beam,
And which, by sinking, we the victor deem.

'Tis done, and Hermes, by command of Jove,
Summons a synod in the sacred grove,
Gods throng with gods to take their chairs on high,
And sit in state, the senate of the sky ;
Whilst, in a kind of parliament below,
Men stare at those above, and want to know
What they're transacting : Reason takes her stand
Just in the midst, a balance in her hand,
Which o'er and o'er she tries, and finds it true :
From either side, conducted full in view,
A man comes forth, of figure strange and queer ;
We now and then see something like them here.

The first was meagre, flimsy, void of strength,
But Nature kindly had made up in length
What she in breadth denied : erect and proud,
A head and shoulders taller than the crowd,
He deem'd them pigmies all : loose hung his skin
O'er his bare bones : his face so very thin,
So very narrow, and so much beat out,
That physiognomists have made a doubt,

Proportion lost, expression quite forgot,
Whether it could be call'd a face or not :
At end of it, howe'er, unblest'd with beard,
Some twenty fathom length of chin appear'd :
With legs, which we might well conceive, that fate
Meant only to support a spider's weight,
Firmly he strove to tread, and with a stride,
Which show'd at once his weakness and his pride,
Shaking himself to pieces, seem'd to cry,
' Observe, good people, how I shake the sky.'

In his right hand a paper did he hold,
On which, at large, in characters of gold,
Distinct, and plain for those who run to see,
Saint Archibald² had wrote L, O, R, D.
This, with an air of scorn, he from afar
Twirl'd into reason's scales, and on that bar,
Which from his soul he hated, yet admir'd,
Quick turn'd his back, and, as he came, retir'd.
The judge to all around his name declar'd ;
Each goddess titter'd, each god laugh'd, Jove star'd,
And the whole people cried, with one accord,
' Good Heaven bless us all, is that a lord ?'

Such was the first—the second was a man
Whom Nature built on quite a different plan ;
A bear, whom, from the moment he was born,
His dam despis'd, and left unlick'd in scorn :
A Babel, which, the power of art outdone,
She could not finish when she had begun :
An utter chaos, out of which no might,
But that of God, could strike one spark of light.

Broad were his shoulders, and from blade to blade,
A H*** might at full length have laid :

² This was Archibald Brown, a Jesuit, who was patronized by Lord Lyttelton, and wrote the History of the Popes, &c.

Vast were his bones, his muscles twisted strong ;
His face was short, but broader than 'twas long ;
His features, though by nature they were large,
Contentment had contriv'd to overcharge,
And bury meaning, save that we might spy
Sense lowring on the penthouse of his eye ;
His arms were two twin oaks ; his legs so stout,
That they might bear a mansion-house about ;
Nor were they, look but at his body there,
Design'd by fate a much less weight to bear.

O'er a brown cassock, which had once been black,
Which hung in tatters on his brawny back,
(A sight most strange, and awkward to behold)
He threw a covering of blue and gold ;
Just at that time of life, when man by rule,
The fop laid down, takes up the graver fool,
He started up a fop, and, fond of show,
Look'd like another Hercules, turn'd beau ;
A subject met with only now and then,
Much fitter for the pencil than the pen ;
Hogarth would draw him (Envy must allow)
Ev'n to the life, was Hogarth living now.

With such accoutrements, with such a form,
Much like a porpoise just before a storm,
Onward he roll'd : a laugh prevail'd around ;
Ev'n Jove was seen to simper ; at the sound
(Nor was the cause unknown, for from his youth
Himself he studied by the glass of truth)
He join'd their mirth ; nor shall the gods condemn
If, whilst they laugh at him, he laugh'd at them.
Judge Reason view'd him with an eye of grace,
Look'd through his soul, and quite forgot his face ;
And, from his hand receiv'd, with fair regard
Plac'd in her other scale, the name of Bard.

Then, (for she did as judges ought to do,
She nothing of the case beforehand knew
Nor wish'd to know : she never stretch'd the laws,
Nor, basely to anticipate a cause,
Compell'd solicitors, no longer free,
To show those briefs she had no right to see)
Then she with equal hand her scales held out,
Nor did the cause one moment hang in doubt ;
She held her scales out fair to public view,
The Lord, as sparks fly upward, upward flew,
More light than air, deceitful in the weight ;
The Bard preponderating, kept his state ;
Reason approv'd, and with a voice, whose sound
Shook earth, shook heaven, on the clearest ground
Pronouncing for the Bards a full decree,
Cried—' Those must honour them, who honour me ;
They from this present day, where'er I reign,
In their own right, precedence shall obtain ;
Merit rules here ; be it enough that birth
Intoxicates, and sways the fools of earth.'

Nor think that here, in hatred to a lord,
I've forg'd a tale, or alter'd a record ;
Search when you will, (I am not now in sport)
You'll find it register'd in Reason's court.

Nor think that envy here hath strung my lyre,
That I depreciate what I most admire,
And look on titles with an eye of scorn,
Because I was not to a title born.
By Him that made me, I am much more proud,
More inly satisfied, to have a crowd
Point at me as I pass, and cry,—' that's he—
A poor but honest bard, who dares be free
Amidst corruption ;' than to have a train
Of flickering levee-slaves, to make me vain

Of things I ought to blush for: to run, fly,
And live but in the motion of my eye;
When I am less than man, my faults to' adore,
And make me think that I am something more.

Recal past times, bring back the days of old,
When the great noble bore his honours bold,
And in the face of peril, when he dar'd
Things which his legal bastard, if declar'd,
Might well discredit; faithful to his trust,
In the extremest points of justice, just;
Well knowing all, and lov'd by all he knew,
True to his king, and to his country true;
Honest at court, above the baits of gain,
Plain in his dress, and in his manners plain;
Moderate in wealth, generous, but not profuse,
Well worthy riches, for he knew their use;
Possessing much, and yet deserving more,
Deserving those high honours which he wore
With ease to all, and in return gain'd fame,
Which all men paid, because he did not claim.
When the grim war was plac'd in dread array
Fierce as the lion roaring for his prey,
Or lioness of royal whelps foredone,
In peace, as mild as the departing sun,
A general blessing wheresoe'er he turn'd,
Patron of learning, nor himself unlearn'd;
Ever awake at Pity's tender call,
A father of the poor, a friend to all;
Recal such times, and from the grave bring back
A worth like this, my heart shall bend or crack,
My stubborn pride give way, my tongue proclaim,
And every Muse conspire to swell his fame;
Till Envy shall to him that praise allow,
Which she cannot deny to Temple now.

This justice claims, nor shall the bard forget,
Delighted with the task, to pay that debt,
To pay it like a man ; and in his lays,
Sounding such worth, prove his own right to praise.
But let not pride and prejudice misdeem,
And think that empty titles are my theme ;
Titles, with me, are vain, and nothing worth ;
I reverence virtue, but I laugh at birth.
Give me a lord that's honest, frank, and brave,
I am his friend, but cannot be his slave ;
Though none, indeed, but blockheads would pretend
To make a slave, where they may make a friend :
I love his virtues, and will make them known,
Confess his rank, but can't forget my own.
Give me a lord, who, to a title born,
Boasts nothing else, I'll pay him scorn with scorn.
What, shall my pride (and pride is virtue here)
Tamely make way, if such a wretch appear?
Shall I uncover'd stand, and bend my knee
To such a shadow of nobility,
A shred, a remnant ; he might rot unknown
For any real merit of his own,
And never had come forth to public note
Had he not worn, by chance, his father's coat.
To think a M*** worth my least regards
Is treason to the majesty of bards.

By Nature form'd, (when, for her honour's sake
She something more than common strove to make,
When, overlooking each minute defect,
And all too eager to be quite correct,
In her full heat and vigour she impress'd
Her stamp most strongly on the favour'd breast)
The bard, (nor think too lightly that I mean
Those little, piddling witlings, who o'erween

Of their small parts, the Murphys of the stage,
The Masons and the Whiteheads of the age,
Who all in raptures their own works rehearse,
And drawl out measur'd prose, which they call verse)
The real bard, whom native genius fires,
Whom every maid of Castaly inspires,
Let him consider wherefore he was meant,
Let him but answer Nature's great intent,
And fairly weigh himself with other men,
Would ne'er debase the glories of his pen,
Would in full state, like a true monarch, live,
Nor hate one inch of his prerogative.

Methinks I see old Wingate³ frowning here,
(Wingate may in the season be a peer,
Though now, against his will, of figures sick,
He's forc'd to diet on arithmetic,
Ev'n whilst he envies every Jew he meets,
Who cries old clothes to sell about the streets)
Methinks (his mind with future honours big,
His Tyburn-bob turn'd to a dress'd bag-wig)
I hear him cry—'What doth this jargon mean?
Was ever such a damn'd dull blockhead seen!
Majesty—Bard—Prerogative;—disdain
Hath got into, and turn'd the fellow's brain :
To Bethlem with him—give him whips and straw—
I'm very sensible he's mad in law.
A saucy groom, who trades in reason, thus
To set himself upon a par with us ;
If this *here's* suffer'd, and if that *there* fool,
May when he pleases send us all to school,
Why, then our only business is outright
To take our caps, and bid the world good-night.

³ Wingate was the author of a popular treatise on arithmetic.

I've kept a bard myself this twenty years,
But nothing of this kind in him appears ;
He, like a thorough true-bred spaniel, licks
The hand which cuffs him, and the foot which kicks ;
He fetches and he carries, blacks my shoes,
Nor thinks it a discredit to his Muse ;
A creature of the rightameleon hue,
He wears my colours, yellow or true blue,
Just as I wear them : 'tis all one to him [whim,
Whether I change through conscience, or through
Now this is something like, on such a plan
A bard may find a friend in a great man ;
But this proud coxcomb—Zounds, I thought that all
Of this queer tribe had been like my old Paul.'

Injurious thought ! accursed be the tongue
On which the vile insinuation hung,
The heart where 'twas engender'd ; curst be those,
Those bards, who not themselves alone expose,
But me, but all, and make the very name
By which they're call'd, a standing mark of shame.

Talk not of custom—'tis the coward's plea,
Current with fools, but passes not with me ;
An old stale trick, which guilt hath often tried
By numbers to o'erpower the better side.
Why tell me then that from the birth of rhyme,
No matter when, down to the present time,
As by the' original decree of fate,
Bards have protection sought amongst the great ;
Conscious of weakness, have applied to them
As vines to elms, and twining round their stem,
Flourish'd on high ; to gain this wish'd support
Ev'n Virgil to Mæcenas paid his court.
As to the custom, 'tis a point agreed,
But 'twas a foolish diffidence, not need,

From which it rose ; had bards but truly known
That strength, which is most properly their own,
Without a lord, unprop'd, they might have stood,
And overtop'd those giants of the wood.

But why, when present times my care engage,
Must I go back to the Augustan age?
Why, anxious for the living, am I led
Into the mansions of the ancient dead?
Can they find patrons nowhere but at Rome,
And must I seek Mæcenas in the tomb?
Name but a Wingate, twenty fools of note
Start up, and from report Mæcenas quote?
Under his colours lords are proud to fight,
Forgetting that Mæcenas was a knight :
They mention him, as if to use his name
Was, in some measure, to partake his fame ;
Though Virgil, was he living, in the street,
Might rot for them, or perish in the Fleet.
See how they redden, and the charge disclaim—
Virgil, and in the Fleet—forbid it Shame!
Hence, ye vain boasters, to the Fleet repair,
And ask, with blushes ask, if Lloyd⁴ is there?

Patrons, in days of yore, were men of sense,
Were men of taste, and had a fair pretence
To rule in letters—some of them were heard
To read off-hand, and never spell a word :
Some of them, too, to such a monstrous height
Was learning risen, for themselves could write,
And kept their secretaries ; as the great
Do many other foolish things, for state.

Our patrons are of quite a different strain,
With neither sense nor taste ; against the grain

⁴ Robert Lloyd, the poetical friend of Churchill.

They patronize for fashion's sake—no more—
 And keep a bard, just as they keep a whore.
 M** (on such occasions I am loth
 To name the dead) was a rare proof of both.
 Some of them would be puzzled ev'n to read,
 Nor could deserve their clergy by their creed;
 Others can write, but such a pagan hand,
 A Willes⁵ should always at our elbow stand:
 Many, if begg'd, a chancellor, of right,
 Would order into keeping at first sight⁶.
 Those who stand fairest to the public view
 Take to themselves the praise to others due,
 They rob the very 'Spital, and make free
 With those, alas! who've least to spare—we see
 *** hath not a word to say,
 Since winds and waves bore Single-speech⁷ away.
 Patrons in days of yore, like patrons now,
 Expected that the bard should make his bow
 At coming in, and every now and then
 Hint to the world, that they were more than men;
 But, like the patrons of the present day,
 They never bilk'd the poet of his pay.
 Virgil lov'd rural ease, and, far from harm,
 Mæcenas fix'd him in a neat, snug farm,
 Where he might, free from trouble, pass his days
 In his own way, and pay his rent in praise.

⁵ Dr. Willes, Bishop of Bath and Wells, and joint decider to the king. He died in 1773.

⁶ The Lord Chancellor is the legal guardian of all idiots and lunatics.

⁷ William Gerrard Hamilton, Chancellor of the Exchequer in Ireland, was so called from having made a brilliant speech in the House of Commons, where he sat in silence ever after.

Horace lov'd wine, and, through his friend at court,
 Could buy it off the quay in every port :
 Horace lov'd mirth, Mécænas lov'd it too ;
 They met, they laugh'd, as Goy ⁹ and I may do,
 Nor in those moments paid the least regard
 To which was minister, and which was bard.

Not so our patrons—grave as grave can be,
 They know themselves, they keep up dignity ;
 Bards are a forward race, nor is it fit
 That men of fortune rank with men of wit :
 Wit, if familiar made, will find her strength—
 'Tis best to keep her weak, and at arm's length.
 'Tis well enough for bards, if patrons give,
 From hand to mouth, the scanty means to live.
 Such is their language, and their practice such ;
 They promise little, and they give not much.
 Let the weak bard, with prostituted strain,
 Praise that proud Scot whom all good men disdain ;
 What's his reward ? why, his own fame undone,
 He may obtain a patent for the run
 Of his lord's kitchen, and have ample time,
 With offal fed, to court the cook in rhyme ;
 Or (if he strives true patriots to disgrace)
 May at the second table get a place,
 With somewhat greater slaves allow'd to dine,
 And play at crambo o'er his gill of wine.

And are there bards, who, on creation's file,
 Stand rank'd as men, who breathe in this fair isle
 The air of freedom, with so little gall,
 So low a spirit, prostrate thus to fall
 Before these idols, and without a groan
 Bear wrongs might call forth murmurs from a stone ?

⁹ M. Pierre Goy, a French gentleman and bon vivant, noticed also by Dr. Armstrong.

Better, and much more noble, to abjure
The sight of men, and in some cave, secure
From all the outrages of Pride, to feast
On Nature's sallads, and be free at least.
Better (though that, to say the truth, is worse
Than almost any other modern curse)
Discard all sense, divorce the thankless Muse,
Critics commence, and write in the Reviews ;
Write without tremor, Griffiths ¹⁰ cannot read ;
No fool can fail, where Langhorne can succeed.

But (not to make a brave and honest pride,
Try those means first, she must disdain when tried)
There are a thousand ways, a thousand arts,
By which, and fairly, men of real parts
May gain a living, gain what Nature craves ;
Let those who pine for more, live, and be slaves.
Our real wants in a small compass lie,
But lawless appetite, with eager eye,
Kept in a constant fever, more requires,
And we are burnt up with our own desires.
Hence our dependence, hence our slavery springs ;
Bards, if contented, are as great as kings.
Ourselves are to ourselves the cause of ill ;
We may be independent, if we will.
The man, who suits his spirit to his state,
Stands on an equal footing with the great ;
Moguls themselves are not more rich, and he
Who rules the English nation, not more free.

¹⁰ Ralph Griffiths was a bookseller, when he published the first number of the Monthly Review. The success of this publication led him to relinquish his shop, and to dignify his name as editor, with the addition of LL. D. obtained by diploma from a Scotch university. He died in September, 1803. Langhorne was one of his early reviewers.

Chains were not forg'd more durable and strong
For bards than others, but they've worn them long,
And therefore wear them still; they've quite forgot
What freedom is, and therefore prize her not.
Could they, though in their sleep, could they but
know

The blessings which from Independence flow ;
Could they but have a short and transient gleam
Of liberty, though 'twas but in a dream,
They would no more in bondage bend their knee,
But, once made freemen, would be always free.
The Muse, if she one moment freedom gains,
Can never more submit to sing in chains.
Bred in a cage, far from the feather'd throng,
The bird repays his keeper with his song ;
But if some playful child sets wide the door,
Abroad he flies, and thinks of home no more,
With love of liberty begins to burn,
And rather starves, than to his cage return.

Hail, Independence—by true reason taught,
How few have known, and priz'd thee as they ought!
Some give thee up for riot ; some, like boys
Resign thee, in their childish moods, for toys ;
Ambition some, some avarice misleads,
And in both cases Independence bleeds.
Abroad, in quest of thee, how many roam,
Nor know they had thee in their reach at home ;
Some, though about their paths, their beds about,
Have never had the sense to find thee out :
Others, who know of what they are possess'd,
Like fearful misers, lock thee in a chest,
Nor have the resolution to produce,
In these bad times, and bring thee forth for use.

Hail, Independence—though thy name's scarce
known,

Though thou, alas! art out of fashion grown,
Though all despise thee, I will not despise,
Nor live one moment longer than I prize
Thy presence, and enjoy : by angry fate [late,
Bow'd down, and almost crush'd, thou cam'st, though
Thou cam'st upon me, like a second birth,
And made me know what life was truly worth.

Hail, Independence—never may my cot,
Till I forget thee, be by thee forgot :
Thither, O thither, oftentimes repair ;
Cotes¹¹ whom thou lovest too, shall meet thee there!
All thoughts, but what arise from joy, give o'er ;
Peace dwells within, and Law shall guard the door.

O'erweening bard ! Law guard thy door ? what law ?
The law of England.—To control and awe
Those saucy hopes, to strike that spirit dumb,
Behold, in state, Administration come.

Why, let her come, in all her terrors too ;
I dare to suffer all she dares to do :
I know her malice well, and know her pride,
I know her strength, but will not change my side.
This melting mass of flesh she may control
With iron ribs, she cannot chain my soul.
No—to the last resolv'd her worst to bear,
I'm still at large, and independent there.

Where is this minister ? where is the band
Of ready slaves, who at his elbow stand
To hear, and to perform his wicked will ?
Why, for the first time, are they slow to ill ?

¹¹ Humphry Cotes was a wine merchant in St. Martin's Lane, and one of the well-meaning but deluded tools of Wilkes.

When some grand act 'gainst law is to be done,
Doth ** sleep ; doth blood-hound ** run
To L ***, and worry those small deer,
When he might do more precions mischief here?
Doth * turn tail? doth he refuse to draw
Illegal warrants, and to call them law?
Doth * at G**d kick'd from G**d run
With that cold lump of unbak'd dough, his son,
And, his more honest rival Ketch to cheat,
Purchase a burial-place where three ways meet?
Believe it not ; ** is ** still,
And never sleeps, when he should wake to ill ;
** doth lesser mischiefs by the bye,
The great ones till the term in petto lie :
* lives, and, to the strictest justice true,
Scorns to defraud the hangman of his due.

O my poor Country—weak, and overpower'd
By thine own sons—ate to the bone—devour'd
By vipers, which, in thine own entrails bred,
Prey on thy life, and with thy blood are fed,
With unavailing grief thy wrongs I see,
And, for myself not feeling, feel for thee.
I grieve, but can't despair—for, lo ! at hand
Freedom presents a choice, but faithful band
Of loyal patriots ; men who greatly dare
In such a noble cause ; men fit to bear
The weight of empires ; Fortune, Rank, and Sense,
Virtue and Knowledge, leagued with Eloquence,
March in their ranks ; Freedom from file to file
Darts her delighted eye, and with a smile
Approves her honest sons, whilst down her cheek,
As 'twere by stealth, (her heart too full to speak)

One tear in silence creeps, one honest tear,
And seems to say, why is not Granby ¹² here?

O ye brave few, in whom we still may find
A love of virtue, freedom, and mankind,
Go forth—in majesty of woe array'd,
See, at your feet your country kneels for aid,
And, (many of her children traitors grown)
Kneels to those sons she still can call her own ;
Seeming to breathe her last in every breath,
She kneels for freedom, or she begs for death—
Fly, then, each duteous son, each English chief,
And to your drooping parent bring relief.
Go forth—nor let the siren voice of Ease
Tempt ye to sleep, whilst tempests swell the seas ;
Go forth—nor let Hypocrisy, whose tongue
With many a fair, false, fatal art is hung,
Like Bethel's fawning prophet, cross your way,
When your great errand brooks not of delay ;
Nor let vain Fear, who cries to all she meets,
Trembling and pale—a lion in the streets—
Damp your free spirits ; let not threats affright,
Nor bribes corrupt, nor flatteries delight :
Be as one man—concord success ensures—
There's not an English heart but what is yours.
Go forth—and Virtue, ever in your sight,
Shall be your guide by day, your guard by night—
Go forth—the champions of your native land,
And may the battle prosper in your hand—
It may, it must—ye cannot be withstood—
Be your hearts honest, as your cause is good.

¹² The Marquis of Granby ; in 1763, was appointed Master-General of the Ordnance, and in 1766, Commander in Chief of the land forces in Great Britain.

LINES,

WRITTEN IN WINDSOR PARK ¹.

When Pope to Satire gave its lawful way,
And made the Nimrods of mankind his prey ;
When haughty Windsor heard through every wood
Their shame, who durst be great, yet not be good ;
Who, drunk with power and with ambition blind,
Slaves to themselves, and monsters to mankind,
Sinking the man, to magnify the prince,
Were heretofore, what Stuarts have been since :
Could he have look'd into the womb of time,
How might his spirit in prophetic rhyme,
Inspir'd by virtue, and for freedom bold,
Matters of different import have foretold !
How might his Muse, if any Muse's tongue
Could equal such an argument, have sung
One William ², who makes all mankind his care,
And shines the saviour of his country there ;
One William, who to every heart gives law ;
The son of George, the image of Nassau !

¹ These verses were attributed to Churchill, and appeared under his name in the London Magazine for 1763.

² William Duke of Cumberland, the hero of the Whigs : he died in 1765.

FINIS.

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